McAllister & Beaver

THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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Political Notes.

—The Democrats now declare that Fitzhugh is crazy. Ah, no! he is only mad.

—The Republican Convention will meet at Cincinnati in a few days now to nominate the next President of these United States.

—The Indianapolis *Journal* is credibly informed that Speaker Kerr has been in the pay of the British Free Trade League

—Colonel Fitzhugh is contemplating the publication of a book entitled, "Bottum Phacts; or, wat I no aboute the Phigures of speach."

—On general principles it would seem obvious that Republicans don't want to nominate men for public office whom the Democracy do want.

—Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, is strongly urged by some New England papers as presiding officer of the Cincinnati Convention.

—According to the Atlanta *Constitution*, only nine of the Georgia delegation to St. Louis prefer Tilden, six favor Bayard, and perhaps three Hendricks.

—And now it has been discovered that Mr. John J. Patterson, of New Jersey, the new door keeper of the House, is a "litler" man than Fitzhugh, who was a "bger man than old Grant."

—Political calculators are uncommonly prompt in ordering Mr. Blaine's funeral. But then they want to know who is to be the administrator *de bonis non*. If Blaine shouldn't prove elligible, where are those 300 votes going?

—We take very little stock in that story about Speaker Kerr. It doesn't seem at all probable that the man would sell for $600. Robbins, of North Carolina, is said to have been purchased for $20; but Indiana Democrats are rated higher.

—The New York *World*, in considering the claims of Democratic candidates for the Presidency has taken up General Hancock. It holds that his peculiar relations to the South as a leading Union General would make him an especially available candidate for the Democracy.

—For the last fifteen years the Democracy has lost no possible opportunity to make a stab at General Logan, but all their poisoned arrows have fallen harmless at his feet, and he still occupies the first place in the hearts of the Republicans of Illinois. The indications are that he will be his own successor as United States Senator.

—The thud of that shillalah will be heard in St. Louis. Mr. Jeremiah McGuire is a Greenback delegate-at-large. A man of Mr. McGuire's great breadth of ideas and remarkable reach will be welcome in the land of the setting sun. He is understood to have conscientious convictions on the subject of Tilden's nomination.

—So the Democratic idol has fallen! That little charge against Speaker Kerr seems to be not such a small joke after all. Harney rather took the wind out of the Speaker in response to the latter's request that all the truth might be told, when he promptly testified that Mr. Kerr had received the money personally and put it into his pocket-book in his (Harney's) presence. It was a short cut home. The Speaker is clearly entitled to the floor.

—At first the Cincinnati *Enquirer* thought Kerr took the money. Now it has changed its mind, and puts the situation in this luminous and impartial way: "Kerr's accouser, being a Republican politician and office-holder, is, doubtless, also a liar. Kerr betrayed the people of his State, and organized Congress in such a way as to prevent an expression upon the great and leading question of the day. We have Harney's sworn statement that he paid Kerr the money, and we have Kerr's statement that he didn't get it. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Kerr would sell himself for such a contemptible price, and yet it is hard to believe that a human being would deliberately perjure himself for political ends. It is a tough case. We do not believe, with the evidence before us, that Mr. Kerr took the money, and yet we have a mighty poor opinion of Mr. Kerr.

The Way of the World.

Some how or other it always seems too bad to kick a man when he is down; yet how can journalists help it, when men in public positions make consummate asses of themselves. There seems to be no other way but to show them up to the people. The honor of being one of the greatest rebel-Confederate fools of the nineteenth century belongs to the Democratic doorkeeper of the Democratic-Bourbon-Confederate House of Representatives now in session at Washington. There are many more there almost his equal; indeed the difference is so light that to distinguish the preponderance of weight in their favor they must be weighed in scales nicely adjusted. For months they have been trying to detect fraud in the administration of affairs, at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the people, and have found nothing; and yet they pursue this phantom with a zeal which could not be excelled by men of sense in pursuit of a tangible good.

"Thus wags the world," wrote this Democratic doorkeeper Fitzhugh, in that celebrated letter to a friend in Texas, which has now become a part of the national archives. "Let a man be prosperous and every man is his friend." That was in the hour of his glory, when members made a break for him as soon as he appeared upon the floor, and a spanking pair of horses took him to his breakfast, and Mr. S S. Cox was the warmest friend of his you ever saw. Fitzhugh was a "bigger man than old Grant" in those days. He "did things up in style," and it was not at all unnatural that he should write to his humble friends at home to come and see him in his greatness, to ride behind the spanking pair of government horses, and "have a big time." He had little or nothing to do except answer applicants for office and frolic with members of Congress. If he was sometimes "tight up on the first of the month" that was an inconvenience which he shared with the other statesmen of the Republic, and the trouble was brief. It was a cheap price to pay for a place where life was a perpetual big time.

"Thus wags the world," may Col. Fitzhugh well exclaim again, when he sees the boon companions of last winter stand up in the House and protest with the solemnity of an undertaker that he is not a fit person to be doorkeeper; for he is as wise as the rest of them, and nothing in particular is the matter, except that he is attracting a little more than his share of attention just now, and it seems prudent not to be caught in his company.

With one consent the honorable members have been tight up with him on the first of the month, jolly with him at "the Centennial," who have been pulled with him and "jerked" with him, and had him to tea, and made a break for him, and held him as a bigger man than old Grant, discover, now that the country is laughing at him, that it is a most shocking thing to have such an undignified person sitting at the gates of the House of Representatives. The big time is all over.

The Democratic statesman of the period combs his hair, pulls up his shirt collar, pulls down his vest, wipes off his chair, and makes ready for the reckoning. Fitzhugh is kicked out by his peers. Yet Fitzhugh is a representative Democrat. This poor man who could not hide his delight when he was raised to unaccustomed dignity, is the embodiment of a spirit which pervades the lower branch of Congress. The majority of the House of Representatives is quite as foolish as its doorkeeper—quite as well satisfied that it is bigger than old Grant and all the rest of the government—quite as eager to get all its obscure friends on there to share the perqisites of the place and enjoy life at the public expense—quite as indifferent to the serious duties which have called them together. Even now that they have spewed out Fitzhugh, we hardly think the aspect of affairs in the national House of Representatives will be materially changed, for they all think themselves bigger now than "old Grant," and it would not surprise us in the least if, notwithstanding the consummate folly of Fitzhugh and the rest of them, the Bellefonte *Watchman* would assert that they are.

SINCE our last issue important news has been received in relation to Turkey. For some time there has been trouble in that empire, and a rebellion is now in progress which taxes the whole powers of that weak government to keep in check. Abdul Aziz, who has been the reigning sultan since 1861, has been forced to abdicate, and Murad Effendi, nephew of the dethroned monarch, is reigning in his stead. The dethroned monarch has been a liberal, progressive ruler. In the first years of his reign he attempted to introduce many reforms that would have been of great benefit to his people, but the long-established customs of ages are hard to break up, and of late he seems to have become discouraged, and settled into a state of indolence and indifference. The Christians in his empire have been to some extent persecuted. The government, however, has not given any countenance to these outrages, and the Christians, according to their own account, have not been blameless. What the new ruler will do remains to be seen. As is the case with all heirs to the throne his life has been passed in seclusion, and but little is known of him, although it is said that he is a man of no ordinary ability, and it is thought that his policy will be liberal.

WINSLOW, the Boston forger, was again brought into court at London on the 23d ult., and remanded to prison again for eight days. The British Government is weakening in its position, and the press has greatly changed in its tone. The firm attitude taken by our government in support of its demand for the extradition of Winslow, commands the respect of our own citizens, while the arguments used and precedents cited by Secretary Fish have so influenced the English press that their own government finds itself without the support anticipated. There is a growing belief that the fugitive criminal will be given up, though Earl Derby will dislike to make this concession after the correspondence that has been had on the subject. Should he yield it will not be the first triumph for Secretary Fish, as in the differences with foreign governments since he has occupied his present position he has invariably succeeded in securing what he has asked, and in obtaining the concessions he has demanded. He has won a reputation as one of the most successful diplomats of this generation by his successive triumphs over the trained statesmen of Europe.

IT has always been the policy of the Democratic party to hide the wrongdoings of its leaders, because they feared it might hurt their rotten party, thereby holding party above the interest of the country, and honesty and efficiency in the administration of affairs—but one by one the roses fall, and in their endeavor to investigate others, more villiany of their own party leaders leaks out than they are able to discover among their opponents. But lately the painful fact leaked out in Washington that in the course of the investigations of the committee on expenditures in the war department sufficient evidence has been found to show that Speaker Kerr, while a member of Congress during President Johnson's administration, received pay for procuring the appointment of one Augustus P. Green as a lieutenant in the army under the army extension act. Mr. Kerr's friends are said to be doing everything possible to keep the matter quiet. But there is no reason why he should not be investigated like Fitzhugh, and the other Democratic shining lights that have gone before.

THE New York *Sun* has two big jobs on its hands now. It still keeps up its silly and child-like warfare on the *Tribune*, with the hopes of breaking it down; and it is now engaged in a scheme to destroy Mr. Blaine's chances at Cincinnati, by publishing all the slanderous stuff it can get hold of, and then spitefully and maliciously commenting on it editorially. But, notwithstanding this, the Blaine wave goes steadily and rapidly on, and Mr. Blaine's nomination at Cincinnati begins to look almost like a certainty.

The Coming Election in this State.

In view of the fact that the election is fast approaching, it cannot be amiss to scan the political field and see what our chances are for success. There will be fifty Senators and two hundred and one Represenatives to elect. With the adjournment of the last Legislature the terms of all the Senators expired, and at the election to come Senators will be elected from the even districts for two years, and from the odd numbered districts for four years.

As this, says the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, is a Presidential election, the vote is likely to be full, and party lines will be pretty tightly drawn. With ordinary good luck, backed up by good nominations, the Republicans should gain a Senator in Dr. Wood's district (45th), in Mr. Rockwell's district, Bradford and Wyoming; in Mr. Dill's district, Union, Snyder and Northumberland; in Mr. Bechtel's district, Twenty-ninth, consisting of the Republican part of Schuylkill; and in Mr. McKibben's district, Huntingdon and Franklin—in all five. They may possibly lose the Montgomery district, now represented by Mr. Yenkel, and the Blair and Cambria district; but if Mr. Lemon runs again in the latter he is pretty sure of a re-election, and a good candidate will have a fair chance of success in Montgomery. Allowing both to be against us, the Republicans will gain three, and the next Senate will then stand thirty-two Republican to eighteen Democratic.

In the election for Representatives the Republicans stand fair to gain one in the Ninth district, Philadelphia; one in Allegheny city; six in Pittsburgh; three in the Fifth and Sixth districts of Allegheny county; one in Beaver; one in Blair; one in Bradford; one in Butler; three in Crawford; one in Erie; two in Delaware; two in Franklin; one in Huntingdon; two in Luzerne; one in Potter; two in Venango; and two in Washington—in all thirty-one. They will probably lose two in Wayne; one in Northumberland; and one in Montour—in all four. Lancaster city and Harrisburg, now Republican, are both close; and so in Reading, now Democratic. Making all allowances for contingencies, the Republican gains are not likely to be less than twenty, which would make the House stand one hundred and ten Republican to ninety Democratic. But the figures may, with a feeling approaching to confidence, be put down at one hundred and fifteen to eighty-six.

The blunder of 1874, which inflicted upon the State the disgrace of the late Democratic House will not be repeated. One experiment of that kind is enough. The next Legislature will be Republican in both branches, and it is safe to predict it will get through its work without becoming a standing and perpetual reproach.

Proclamation.

The Centennial Anniversary of our National Independence.

WHEREAS, A joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States was duly approved on the 13th day of March last, which resolution is as follows:

Be it resolved, etc., That it be and is hereby recommended by the Senate and House of Representatives to the people of the several States, that they assemble in their several counties or towns, on the approaching Centennial anniversary of our national independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day an historical sketch of such county or town from its formation, and that a copy of said sketch be filed in print or manuscript in the clerk's office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may be thus obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence; and

Whereas, It is deemed proper that such recommendations be brought to the notice and knowledge of the people of the United States; now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known the same in the hope that the object of such resolution may meet the approval of the people of the United States, and that proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, the 25th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1876, and of the independence of United States, the 100th.

By the President,
U. S. GRANT.

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

IT is said that Congress will develop a big tariff fight. Well, let it develop. The next Congress will be Republican, and it will make a tariff that will restore our wasted energies and protect our home industries.

It is a very suggestive fact that wherever the Democratic party has triumphed at the South, there is practical intolerance, practical denial of personal liberty, practical denial of popular education, and persistent effort to revive old systems under new forms.

JUST what it is. The American *Manufacturer* says the Morrison tariff should be entitled—"An act further to disorganize American industry, to force a growing deficit in the treasury, and to augment the sufferings of the people."

IT seems to be a settled fact that a number of the relatives of the late A. T. Stewart, living in New York, have determined to attempt to break his will, though on what ground does not appear. Three lawyers have been engaged by them. Some of the parties are the children of a sister of Mr. Stewart.

Judge Davis, one of the candidates for President on the Democratic side, has planted 1776 trees around his residence. He is a relic of a past century, and his thoughts run back to an antideluvian age. He would be a fit candidate for a party that has nothing to boast of but its past record.

NOW IT is Speaker Kerr's turn to rise and explain that charge of receiving the neat little sum of $600 for procuring a cadet appointment. In this era of Democratic investigation it would not look well to permit such a charge to go unanswered—particularly on the part of the chief magnate of the Democratic Congress.

THE Washington rumor that Minister Washburne would be the second choice of the Conkling men, is discredited by the Chicago *Tribune*, which doubtless has as much right as anybody to speak for Mr Washburne. It says it is probably a mere device of the Conkling people to capture a few votes in the Illinois delegation, where Mr. Washburne has friends.

THE bequests to employees by the late A. T. Stewart have all been paid. The list of recipients contained about three hundred names. Part of them were employed in the New York house, and others in Berlin, Glasgow, Belfast and Nottingham. The amount thus paid out was $305,750. There was only one legacy of $5,000, and one of $3,000. The other sums ranged from $500 to $25,000.

AT the present rate it costs $10,000 daily to run the great Centennial, which implies the selling of 20,000 tickets to meet this expense. Whether the sales each day can be kept up to this immense average, is a question rather troublesome to some nervous old gentlemen who have the entire success of the Exhibition at heart. Many of the articles from foreign countries have not yet been unpacked and it must be allowed that the big show grows constantly in interest. The tide of travel that way can hardly be said to be fairly at flood before next month, and it is by no means impossible that all anticipations will yet be more than realized.

IT seems quite evident that we are to have an Indian war, which is liable to continue through the season. The conflict will take place on the frontiers of Dakota and Wyoming. The savages, who have put on the war paint, are the Sioux, under their chiefs "Crazy Horse," "Sitting Bull" and "Little Big Man." They number from four to five thousand. It is thought by General Terry, who commands the frontier troops in the North-west, that the Sioux will not risk a general battle, but will aim to draw our troops into an ambuscade, or, if they fail to do this, will confine their operations to slaughtering the small outposts and other detached troops.

The locality where they are at present encamped is near the head waters of the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Powder rivers, which is a magnificent grazing country and abounding also in game.

Three columns of troops have been advanced against these marauders, the entire force numbering some twenty-five hundred or three thousand men. We do not believe in a war of extermination, but these Sioux should be vigorously dealt with for their many recent acts of cold-blooded atrocity.

Kerr as a Bribe Taker.

The charge that Speaker Kerr, of the Democratic House of Representatives, pocketed over four hundred dollars for procuring an appointment in the army a short time ago, has produced a profound sensation, and set people to inquiring, What may we not expect next? For months hordes of Democratic investigating committees have been hard at work holding secret meetings for the purpose of smirching Republicans, and certain publications impugning their standing have been sent broadcast throughout the land. The frequency of these attacks, and the violence of the assailants, soon convinced the calm, sober thinking portion of the public, that the objects they had in view were merely for political effect, and that the gross charges in many instances were manufactured out of whole cloth, or sworn to by convicted thieves who had been made to suffer for their crimes. We believe in the punishment of all men, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, who have prostituted their offices and plundered the government, but we believe in fairness and honesty in prosecuting such investigations. The motive should be pure, and the examinations conducted openly, so that the interested parties could have an opportunity of defending themselves. But when it becomes apparent—as in the case of Mr. Blaine—that these attacks are made for the purpose of injury, and that there is no evidence to sustain them, a reaction in public sentiment is pretty sure to follow. And with that reaction comes a suspicion that those who are engaged in hounding on the pack are not as pure as they might be—that if their public acts were looked into some glaring imperfections might be found. In this respect the Democratic House of Representatives has been particularly unfortunate in the choice of its officers, three or four of whom have already been compelled to resign, for levying blackmail, and for conduct highly discreditable. As these men were smoked out one by one, the suspicion grew that more corruption existed in the Democratic ranks, and that it was high time the facts were brought forth. Speaker Kerr is the first man occupying a high position in the Democratic synagogue that has been found to be no purer than some of those who have gone before. On Tuesday Mr. Clymer's committee commenced investigating the charges preferred against him, and the first witness, named Harney, a former doorkeeper, swore positively that in 1866 he met a man named "Green, and helped him get an appointment in the army as second lieutenant. Green paid witness $450, and witness paid it into Mr. Kerr's hands in the corridor of the east hall of the House, and Kerr put it in his pocket." On cross examination witness stated that "he had been on the best of terms with Mr. Kerr. The latter knew his name and they passed the time of day when they met. He called on him to get the place, but at the first interview he did not speak of money. When Mr. Kerr received it he said he would go to the war department and have the appointment made right away."

Mr. Kerr was present at the examination and afterward declared that there was not one word of truth in the statements of the witness, and that if his health only permitted he would enter into a fuller explanation. Official papers were produced, however, from the war department, showing that such a man had been appointed a lieutenant in the army on the recommendation of Mr. Kerr.

Now, we sincerely hope that the charge against him is unfounded, as he says, but it must be confessed that it has an ugly look. And when we remember that the Democratic committees, appointed by him, have been unrelenting and unscrupulous in their efforts to disgrace others, it would not be surprising if he should be found to have soiled his hands with bribes. He is not a perfect man, and therefore not any more likely to be free from suspicion. If the Speaker did take the money as alleged, let him be promptly impeached. Whining denials will not do. He is not any better than Belknap. The sale of a post tradership is no greater crime than taking a bribe to procure an appointment in the army.—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

Poetry.

Wherefore he Prays that a Warrant May Issue.

AN APPEAL TO A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

The following, contributed by Irwin Russell to the *Budget of Fun* will be heartily enjoyed by our magesterial and legal friends who have had similar cases to deal with :

Is you de Justice ob de Peace? I has a little case
About a little matter, sah, dat happened en de place.
I's nuffin but a niggah, but I's feelin's all de same;
An' de way dat Massa Henry went an' done me is a shame!

Last spring I found a little chicken, runnin' in de road,
An' took it to de quarters, sah, an' kep it till it growed;
I neber stole it, kase de law says eberyting you fin'
Belongs to you: an' so, ob co'se, de chicken he was mine.

A week dis comin' Tuesday, I was comin' from de fiel'
An' happened for to 'member I was out ob meat an' meal;
So I begins to study 'bout what I's a-gwine to do,
An' thinks, says I, "Dat chichen's gettin' big enough to stew."

So when I reached de quarters, sah, I says unto my wife:
"I wouldn't tell a lie to you—no, not to sabe my life!)
Says I to her, "Ole 'oman!" (you can b'lieve me, sah, or not),
"Go catch that Dominica, quick, an' put him in de pot!"

She says to me, "I tink myself dat chicken would be good;
But how's I gwine to cook him, when dare ain't a bit ob wood?"
Dat was de conbersation, sah, I gibs it word for word,
An' Chlo she kin testify dat, dat was what occurred.

Says I, "Go kill dat chicken! Don't you tink I has no sense?"
An' I went to massa's woodpile, in de corner ob de fence;
I looked, an' did'nt see no one, nor hear nobody speak,
An' so I toted off enough to do me for a week.

I wasn't stealin' when I went an fetched de wood away,
For ebery stick I 'spected to return some odder day;
An' if a man kain't borry wood dat's layin' out ob nights,
I'd like for you to tell me what's de use ob swivel rights.

Well, Chlo picked de chicken, an' she soused him in de pot,
De fire was burnin' lively, an' de water gittin' hot,
Wen sumfin went "o-rum! b-rum!" right in de chimbley place,
An' all de smoke an' ashes come a blowin' in my face.

I thought it was de debel, an' it skeered me mos' to deff.
De smoke it come a puffin' so I couldn't draw my breff;
De wood, de pot, de chicken, day was scattered 'bout de floor,
An' me an' Chlo had important bizness at de door.

De folks day come a-runnin'; dare was Bob an' Pete an' Bill,
An' dare was Massa Henry, jes' a laughin' fit to kill!

The Good that You can Do.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

"What good can I do?" you ask, my friend;
Is that what you want to know?
You can do good in ways without end,
Do good wherever you go.

A kindly word, or a loving deed,
May lift from some heart its care;
And many there are who feel this need,
You can find them everywhere.

There are hungry ones who lack for bread,
Who can find no work to do;
Who have struggled on, till hope is dead.
They perhaps may ask of you.

There are erring ones whose lives are dark,
Who travel the paths of sin—
Go, gather them into Virtue's ark.
Tenderly gather them in.

There are those who lie on beds of pain,
In need of your care and love;
Who perchance can ne'er find health again,
You can point to life above.

There are mourning ones throughout the earth
Who are weeping bitter tears,
You can tell them of the higher birth,
You can soothe their foolish fears.

Where e'er you go there is work to do,
You can find it anywhere;
The Master will show it unto you,
In answer to your prayer.

Our Story Teller.

DEMONS OF DARKNESS.

Mollie Maguires Facing Justice—History of the Banded Murders of Schuylkill—Weaving the Coils about the Criminals.

[Special cor. Philadelphia Times.]

POTTSVILLE, May 20, 1876.

One foggy night the house of a non-union saw-grinder was blown up with gunpowder, and not the workman only—the mildest and most inoffensive man I ever talked with—but certain harmless women and innocent children who had done nothing to offend the union, were all but destroyed. The same barbarous act had been committed more than once before, and with more bloody results, but had led to no large consequences. This time, however, there happened to be in the place an honest, intrepid journalist, with a mind in advance of the age. He came, he looked, and the blood in his brave heart boiled. The felony was publicly reprobated, and with horror by the union, which had, nevertheless, hired the assassins, but this well-worn lie did not impose on the journalist chronicler ahead of his time. He went around to all the manufacturers and asked them to speak out. They durst not for their lives, but closed all doors, and then with bated breath, and all the mien of slaves well trodden down, hinted where information might be had. Thereupon the journalist went from scent to scent till he dropped on a discontented grinder, with fish-like eyes, who had been "in many a night job." This man agreed to split on two conditions; he was to receive a sum of money and be sent into another hemisphere, since his life would not be worth a straw if he told the truth about the trades in one. His terms were accepted, and then he made some tremendous revelations, and with those in his possession the journalist wrote leader after leader to prove that the unions must have been guilty of every trade outrage that had taken place for years in the district.

And so the fiction of "Put Yourself in His Place" goes on, written by the hand of one of the greatest of the modern masters of that art, which he—Charles Reade—calls the highest, widest, noblest and greatest of all arts, because it studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live.

SCENES IN THE COAL FIELDS.

And now let the readers of *The Times* pass to his own country, his own State, yes, and within a hundred miles of the Centennial City of Brotherly Love. Let him look into a court room in the heart of the coal fields, presided over by an intrepid judge, with twelve good men and true drawn from the body of the county, sitting upon the facts as they fall from the mouths of witnesses escorted up to the very Book itself in the Temple of Justice by strong bodies of police. Let him listen to the leading counsel for the Commonwealth, searching the very souls of those witnesses and exposing to the eye of a long-blinded justice the record of crimes committed, in which innocent men's lives went out in blood in broad daylight, upon the open streets of a city, by the roadside and in the field; in which hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property was given to the fire and to the flood by the dropping of a match or the opening of a sluice-gate; in which thousands of innocent babes tugged at reluctant breasts while idle fathers stood by for months at a time, and obeyed the union—in which the storekeepers in the large and populous mining counties of the great State of Pennsylvania became bankrupt; in which whole cities-full of the poor waited in vain for fuel to make the motive power for driving the wheels of great factories, or even to warm their shivering limbs in winter, while the earth was big to bursting with the unborn wealth, needing only the skilled touch to bring it forth.

THE HERO OF THE TIME.

Let him look at this and he will see Francis B. Gowen, President of the Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron Company, assuming the role of Charles Reade's journalists, and from his place in the chair of the presidency of a great railroad and as prosecuting attorney for the State, pursuing the individual Mollie Maguire murderer and the secret organization of Thugs which permeates the coal regions under the general title of "Mollie Maguires." It is a band before which the unions of English saw-grinders and their outrages pale into insignificance. A band numbering perhaps 8,000 men in a single section of the State, whose known object is to burn breakers, flood mines, mis-place switches, bankrupt mine-owners, starve fellow workmen into submission and finally to murder bosses, laborers and police, and all to accomplish the one end of forcing capital to yield to the dictation of murder, robbery and arson under the sacred livery of labor.

BEFORE THE ADVENT OF MR. GOWEN.

The story that is to be told below is a matter in which every business man in the country is interested. The staple production of Pennsylvania is the great fuel for the motors of the world, but for twenty years past the individual operators have been under the heel of their own workmen. The superintendents of the companies have been shot down in cold blood, and the officers of the law have been powerless to prevent it. The murderers have been caught red-handed, but conviction did not follow. The staple defense of the region was the alibi, and any number of witnesses could be put on the stand to put the defendant anywhere but where he was at the moment of the murder. A man named Dougherty, three years ago was charged with the murder of the chief burgess of Mahanoy City upon the public streets. His lawyers—of whom he had the best—changed the venue to Lebanon county, and the witnesses were taken there and an alibi proved. Superintendent Dunn was shot down within the borough limits of Pottsville in the twilight, and his death-scream was heard by numbers of people and yet no one was ever traced. The people closed their doors, and with bated breath told where information might be had—in the bloody councils of the Molly Maguires.

THE TACTICS OF PRESIDENT GOWEN.

But a few years ago a young, handsome, mild-eyed man was taken from the Philadelphia bar, where he had made a mark in a few important cases, and put in the chair of the great carrying company—the Reading Railroad. He found, almost as soon as he assumed the reins, that rival railroads, tapping other great coal beds such as the Luzerne and Lehigh sections, were stretching out their hands to reach his base of supplies—the mines of the individual operators in Schuylkill and adjoining counties. He must act, and act quickly, or his road would be left without a pound of tonnage. Twenty millions of money (much of it British gold) were put in his hands, and with a masterly swoop the Reading Coal and Iron Company put upon its roll of properties thirty or forty collieries, each one requiring an expenditure in fixtures alone of over $100,000—fixtures which a lighted match would destroy in twenty minutes, and mines which could be so "drowned" in half an hour that it would take six months to resuscitate them. With all this valuable and perishable property in his grasp, with workmen who, from long impunity, because of the want of organized opposition and the strong will of one man, had been accustomed to throw obstructions on the railroad tracks, fire shafts, mis-place switches, drown mines and destroy whole villages of adverse workmen, something which had not been tried must be done.

THE EFFECT OF LOCAL POLICE.

The local police were as green withes in the hands of a Samson—the military of the State marched up the hill and marched down again, costing the treasury $100,000. The "young bloods" of Philadelphia couldn't tell a Mollie Maguire from a barn door. The latter would travel about under the cover of darkness and burn a breaker under the home-guards' nose. Mr. Gowen then got up a system of private police, having the power to make arrests on sight or suspicion. These were also powerless, being only preventive in their function. The smash-ups still went on, logs were bolted to the tracks, switches were broken open, the best citizens of Pottsville were afraid to put their noses out at night, because at some time or other they had expressed themselves harshly toward the murderous gang.

THE MODERN VIDOCQ.

Lastly Mr. Gowen, knowing that nothing was so terrible to the dark doer as to cast the light of knowledge upon his transactions, put that sleuth-hound of the law, the detective, on the trail. A famous detective agency was called in and asked:

"Can it be done?"

"Yes," was the confident reply, "but it will require time and expense."

The carte-blanche of the President was given to the modern Vidocq. Just here, let the reader get the position of the parties who are to enter into this struggle of life or death. At the time of the last strike, which lasted seven months, there were two organizations among the miners. The first and more reputable was the Labor Union, controlled and led by John Siney, also President of the National Union, which has its branches all through the United States, including among its members men of all nationalities, the one requisite being that each should be a miner.

THE LABOR UNION AND ITS WORK.

This organization flourished at first, and ruled the individual owners of the mines with a high hand. But several years after the close of the war the demand for coal fell off, the iron trade was depressed, the price of coal was reduced, manufacturers closed the doors of work shops, whose rusty pad-locks to this day give terrible token of the fate of their owners, wages were necessarily reduced, and the strikes came and continued so long that from mere inanition the Labor Union passed out of substantial existence, and its leaders, with the exception of John Siney, who escaped as by a miracle, were put behind the bars of prison cells for conspiring to drive rival laborers from the Clearfield district. Mr. Gowen, by the sheer force of his will and the show of power, pierced the armor of the union and sapped its life blood when he gave the order in June, 1875, to start up the West Shenandoah colliery. The last rally of the union was made here, and a desperate attempt to prevent the mine from being worked developed itself from the old miners. Thousands of infuriated men, intersprinkled with more bloodthirsty women, from all the neighboring sections, called together by the sound of the tocsin, assembled on the hillsides, and things looked badly for capital and pluck. But Mr. Gowen knew his foe. The coal and Iron police were early on the ground, armed to the teeth, and with carbines in their hands picketed the roads, detectives circulated among the rioters, the military were held in readiness to nip in the bud any outbreak, and finally, as might be expected, law and order prevailed and the union skulked and hid its head—a head which it has not been able to raise to this day.

JOHN SINEY AND HIS MEN PASS AWAY.

The men, unable to contribute any longer to the union's treasury, the storekeepers who had trusted the miners and their families for bread for months became bankrupt, and men, women and children were on the verge of starvation, and yet there was great demand for coal in the long-fasting market—so great, indeed, that but for the firm and broad-grasping policy of Mr. Gowen, who bought in the early part of the strike hundreds of thousands of tons in other regions and sold them in Philadelphia at regular rates, coal would have been fifteen dollars a ton in the cities. This he did, although he had all the appliances in his own mines to put 10,000 tons a day into the Philadelphia market; and yet he could not get a pound, because the laboring classes who really wanted to work were kept in check by this organization. They could not go to work. No fifty or two hundred men could say, "We'll go to work." The union would prevent it. Mr. Gowen broke the back of the union, and a darker and bloodier organization warmed into life from its smouldering ashes.

THE TRUE AND VERITABLE MOLLIE MAGUIRES.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, including in its membership none but Irish, or those born of Irish parents, a beneficial secret society "to protect each other in things lawful, and not otherwise," had its origin in the old agrarian landlord and tenant laws of Ireland, and is known in the old country under the various names of "Rocky Hills," "White Cockade," "Red Cockade," etc. It did a great deal of good, alleviating through its general treasury unfortunate miners and their families, and generally giving the advantages of combination to any demand it should be necessary to make upon the capitalists. All the Irishmen in the region belonged to this organization, and when the troubles came and the union went down, the secret passwords, and the oath-bound fellowship were thought of by the more desperate of the miners as the best shield for their nefarious projects. Within the Ancient Order of Hibernians, therefore, and using all of their machinery of grips and pass-words, the Mollie Maguire raised his hydrea head, and, after the union was beaten to the earth, a conclave of the most desperate of these men met together and decided that intimidation culminating in arson and assassination, should be the corrective of all evils. The superintendents of the mines, who were employed by the companies to take charge of the collieries, finding that the Irish would not work, employed the skilled labor of the Welchman, the Scotchman and the Cornish man. The enraged Irishmen soon learned, within the councils of the Mollie Maguires, that the coffin notice, with a threat that the objectionable boss must remodel his rules and his foreign employees, was most effective.

THE COFFIN NOTICE AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

If the coffin notice (specimens of which Mr. Gowen gave with great dramatic effect in his argument before the coal committee of the Legislature, last summer), was not answered with submission, short shrift was given the disobedient man, and his life became not worth a pins head. The mining boss at the Raven Run colliery, an Englishman, universally respected, by the name of Sanyer, was shot by five assassins on the morning of the 1st of September, 1875, in the very presence of his workmen. At the coroner's inquest nearly forty witnesses were examined, and all said they could not recognize the murderers. Thomas P. Jones, the mining boss for the Lehigh and Wilksbarre Coal Company, although he was distinctly warned beforehand, and slept out of his house for three weeks previously, and was guarded constantly by the coal and iron police, was shot at his own mine's mouth two days after Sanyer was killed. The miners, composed of the Welch and Scotch, with the better class of Irish, turned out by the thousands and traced the assassins into Tamaqua. Kelley, Doyle and Kerrigan were put on trial. The latter turned State's evidence, and the two others were convicted recently, but their counsel has put aside the gallows for a while by taking advantage of the injudicious law which was made to suit Scheppe's case, permitting an appeal to the Supreme Court.

A MURDERER TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE.

Kerrigan, who was caught red-handed and "peached" on his comrades in crime, was the Body Master of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Tamaqua, and was the other day put on the stand in the trial of the cases now proceeding at Pottsville, for the murder of Yost, a police officer at Tamaqua, who had beaten Kerrigan on a previous occasion, and the latter had sworn to be "square" with him. He secured the coming of McGehan and Doyle, from Summit Hill, a neighboring town, to do the job. Then the Mollie Maguire organization sent over to Summit Hill in return Doyle and Kelley to kill Jones. The Raven Run assassination of Sanger, was planned in another part of the county and by another branch of the organization, headed by Jack Kehoe, the county delegate. Just here, also, it is well to show the order of these officials, for the fact that fifteen or more body masters are now in prison awaiting trial on the charge of conspiracy to murder, will make this explanation interesting and necessary.

THE RULES AND WORKING OF THE ORDER.

The heads of the order are in England, Ireland and Scotland. The national organization officers are in New York city. When the body has its conventions, one delegate, called a State delegate, is sent from each State. These State delegates get the signs, grips and pass-words from the heads of the order, and pass them down through the county delegates—one for each county—of which Kehoe was one, representing, as he did, the county of Schuylkill, having some 1,200 men under his command. The county delegates meet in convention and elect the State delegate—one, Gallagher, a liquor-dealer in Pittsburg, now represents Pennsylvania. Under the county delegates comes the division or, as he is better known, the body master, each of whom has charge of a division in each of the mining towns of the county. The body master of Tamaqua was Kerrigan at the time of these assassinations, though he could not read or write, and having to administer the oath by proxy when a member was sworn in. These bodies of banded murderers and incendiaries would meet together in the mountains, in the mines or in the cellar or bar-room of some known member's house.

THEY TAKE A HAND IN POLITICS.

The body-master could call a meeting at any time, and his order must be obeyed. He was chosen because he was shrewd, determined, brave, and was efficent in carrying out the instructions of his chiefs, caring no more for taking a human life than for eating an apple. He used his power in politics and could carry whole counties, according to the will of his superiors. The recent exposure shows that Patrick Collins, the county Commissioner of Schuylkill county, is himself body-master at Palo Alto and Condon, and another Mollie Maguire was the prison-keeper of the murderers. The parties who were the assassins in the Sanger murder were relatives of Kehoe, a man now locked up in Pottsville jail with thirteen body-masters, charged with murder and conspiracy to commit murder, and with being accessories before and after the fact, and many cases outside of those named, which are mere illustrations of the kind of work the Mollie Maguires are engaged in. This conspiracy to commit murder, in which so many of the leading miners are involved, is founded on the fact of a meeting on the 25th of August last, at the house of James Corroll, one of the prisoners now on trial for the murder of Yost, in Tamaqua.

A CONVENTION OF MURDERERS.

It was a sort of county convention, at which all the most desperate of the murderers were present, and coolly sat down to discuss the question as to who was entitled to the reward for killing one, Gomer James, a Welchman, assassinated at a picnic in Mahonoy city, on July 5. It was decided in that convention that $500 ought to be raised by assessment to pay the man who did the deed, and a formal committee was appointed to hear and determine the rights of the rival claimants for the honor and profit of the deed of blood. Each aspirant put in his claim, and it was finally decided by a solemn vote that Thomas Hurley (now a fugitive from justice) was entitled to the money.

The chief witness to this transaction, in which so many of the ring-leaders are caught as in a net, is the detective who was employed by Mr. Gown to lay bare the whole business.

THE DETECTIVE TAKES THE FIELD.

This man, one McParlen, under the assumed name of McKenna, was selected for his courage, shrewdness and tact. He was an Irishman, and a North-of-Ireland Catholic, and fully appreciated what he was to do and what dangers were to be seen. He took his life in his hand from the time he started into the region, at Port Clinton, in October, 1873, and each day made a report in writing to the home authorities, who communicated directly with Mr. Gowen. His first duty was to understand the topography of the country, the names and characteristics of every man who kept a shop in which the miners were accustomed to congregate, and even the gossip of the villages was noted down. From time to time he received instructions from Philadelphia, and was furnished with unlimited money, although his mission required him to partake of the hospitality of the place in which he might be. He could not go to a hotel, but must take to his quart of turpentine and a cold potato with those whose secrets he was to find out.

WHO HE WAS AND HIS APPEARANCE.

He stayed in the heart of this country till April, 1875, before he was initiated in full fellowship into the order of Mollie Maguires. He disarmed the suspicions of his comrades by representing that he was a "shover" of counterfeit money, and kept up the illusion by seldom having anything else in his possession but "queer" paper. He made himself the familiar of everybody, hale fellow well met, who could get up a cock-fight or enter any scheme which required pluck to carry it through. He was "Mickey from Donnybrook," a jolly Irishman by the name of Jim McKenna, and could tell the bog he was born on, prove blood relationship with all the numerous McKennas in the country, and "divil the one could contradict him." He was the first fellow to contribute to any fund, religious or secular, was at all the dances, and was generally consulted as to anything that came up, from the tying of a ribbon on the bosom of a pretty lass to the murder of an obnoxious mining boss. The night before Sanger was shot one of the assassins came into the same room and slept in the same bed with him. He was told who the intended victim was to be that morning, but he dare not telegraph, for the Mollie had his men posted in the telegraph offices and along the road, who could read the messages as they passed ever the wires. The man must be left to his fate, and he met it without a word being uttered. The men came back red-handed to Muff. Lawlor's saloon—the keeper of which, the other day, when passing out of the court was heard to say, (referring to McKenna), "Be Jasus, he's an anti-Christ."

HE BECOMES A HIGH OFFICER.

McKenna finally got into the order, and was elected Secretary of the Shenandoah division. This position gave him access to all the books and records of the order throughout the country, and well he made use of them to inform his employers of every man in the gigantic conspiracy. Three days after the murder of Sanger the authorities of Schuylkill county were notified by the heads of the detective agency who the assassins were, but the district attorney concluded that he could do nothing without the detective as a witness. This he refused to be, for such a course would destroy his future usefulness. He pointed out the assassins of Jones, and they were arrested the same morning at a spring near Tamaqua. Finally the "operator," as the detective is called, consented to give up the facts in his possession without fear, favor or reward. His salary was $600 and all expenses paid, and as he had made daily reports of his doings it could not be said that he was a hireling witness giving purchased testimony.

HIS DISCOVERY AND FLIGHT.

The discovery of the detective by his friends and fellows in the order of Mollie Maguires was a feature in this remarkable piece of detective work which demands notice. He had gone into the coal regions in October, 1873, and left there last March. He had never been suspected to be anything but a rampant Mollie of the most dangerous kind, till one day he was thrown off his guard by the necessity of drawing a check on Chicago for a large amount, to which, of course, he signed in his own name, McParlen. The banker at Shenandoah where he drew the check, had always looked upon him with suspicion in his role of Mollie Maguire, but when he signed the check and it was duly honored the whole thing flashed upon them—and the love of gossip finally enabled the well-founded suspicion to reach the ears of the ringleaders. The clergy all this while had taken strong grounds against the order. Archbishop Wood had issued a pastoral letter to the parishioners, and the Catholics of the region were put under the pains of the Church if they should engage, directly or indirectly, in any of the councils of the gang. The detective noticed soon after the tell-tale check was drawn that his former associates were shy of him. They told him that Jack Kehoe had notified all the Mollies that they had a detective in their midst, and, with a courage which would have answered well on the battle-field, McParlen offered five hundred dollars reward for the authors of the "slander" against him, and demanded an investigation by court martial. He appeared at the time and place but not an accuser stepped forward.

THE LONG-PLAIED GAME UP.

Kehoe referred him to Father Connor of Mahanoy Plains, and the latter, not suspecting for a moment that he was playing into the hands of the Church's enemies, told McParlen the causes for suspicion against him, and warned him that his life was at that moment in the hands of assassins. The detective then found that the game was up, and he left the region instantly, his track being waylaid by murderers, who were only foiled in their purpose by the consummate skill of the man who knew their habits of work and the friendly counsel of a Mollie Maguire, who did not believe that the detective was anything else but the same jovial Micky McKenna he had always been.

The trial of the Yost murderers was set for the 4th of May, and counsel for the defense elected to try the whole five at once. They supposed that Kerrigan was the chief witness, and they proposed to break his testimony down with a stale alibi, and the positive proof from his own wife that he, and not the men on trial, had killed Yost. Two hundred witnesses were to be called by the defense to prove the alibi, and Kerrigan was to be swept from the witness stand. On Friday, the 5th, however, McParlen, the now famed McKenna, who had disappeared mysteriously from the coal regions, was taken into court guarded by a strong body of police, and two-thirds of the audience paled with fear at the knowledge that they knew he could give as to the deeds that had been done by their husbands and fathers and brothers.

A WIDE NET MAKES A BIG HAUL.

On the same day it had been skillfully arranged that thirteen of the body masters in the neighboring towns should be arrested for participating in the county convention above referred to, of which McKenna had been secretary and member of the committee who heard the claims of the rival murderers. These men were also brought into town on the same morning under arrest and chained together, and the miners and the people of Pottsville knew when they saw this that at last the judgment day had come. When the name of McParlen, alias McKenna, was called and he took the Book, Banquo's ghost could not have startled the region more. Kerrigan's story was corroborated in every particular, and startling revelations hinted at which will be disclosed fully in the future trials of the body masters. The defense is now proceeding with its witnesses, whose testimony, however, labors with evident untruths, and with the conclusion of the trials now on the tapis the dangerous Mollie Maguire will pass out of existence, and a new era will dawn on the management of the great coal fields of Pennsylvania.

C. CATH.

——Paris Green, for potato bugs, at Zeller's drug store.

The Science of Kissing.

People will kiss. Yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. First, know whom you are going to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout after a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose. The gentleman should be a little the taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it. Stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and capture a kiss; more persons would spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to any place out of the way—throw your left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side. Do not be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall gently on your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder strap it makes. Do not be in a hurry. Her left hand in your right; let there be an impression to that, not like the grasp of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Do not be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder. You are heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently, but manly, press her to your bosom. Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean slightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet; the eyes close; the heart opens; the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life; do not be in a hurry; heaven opens before you; the world shoots under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky; (don't be afraid); the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No fuss, no noise, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt, nor does it require an act of Congress to make it legal.

A man out west, about thirty years old, having a shot-gun on his shoulder and two pigeons in his hand, was a short time back standing on a street corner, telling a crowd that he had been out and killed five hundred pigeons since sunrise. "You're a liar," shouted a man, on the edge of the crowd. The stranger looked at him, long and earnestly, and then inquired: "Where did you get acquainted with me?"

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Snow Shoe City	8.30	1.00

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We are now having made a full assortment of the best woolen goods at the above very low prices, and are ready to take your measure for a complete outfit at the same prices. These goods we have the full control of for this market, and are specially adapted to fine custom trade. The largest, fullest and most complete assortment of

HATS & SHIRTS

in the county. The best Wamsutta shirt, 3-ply linen bosom, and the "King of Shirts," $1 50 each. Hats and Shirts as low as $1 00.

HATS--SHIRTS--COLLARS

Country merchants' attention especially called to our stock and prices of the above articles.

MONTGOMERY & CO.

[Successors to John Montgomery.]

NO. 7 BROCKERHOFF ROW.

☞ Everybody is invited to inspect our stock. v6n4-1

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW.

ALLEGHENY STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by

WM. M'CLELLAN,

a most complete stock of

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

He also keeps on hand a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloth for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a full assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. M'CLELLAN,

No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa. 5-13—tf

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75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen. ☞ Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

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Oils, &c.
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New York Store.

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DRY GOODS,
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Store,)
House, Bellefonte, Pa.

Hardware.

HARDWARE

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SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

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Axes,
Grindstones
Coal Oil Lamps,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
&c.

We hope by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,

v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

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Corner Front and Pine Street,

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The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

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CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

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The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-tf

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Merchant Tailor.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING,

Opposite Depot,

Has just received a large invoice of

GENTLEMENS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles,

FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT

LOW CASH PRICES.

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OVES.

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Nails, Iron
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y building, or dealin
HICKS & BROTHE

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EDWARD T. TUTEN,

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If not paid within 6 months.....2.50
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Papers will not be sent out of Centre county *unless paid for in advance.*

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Blaine.

James G. Blaine sheds scandal as readily as a duck's back sheds water. During the last few months, and especially during the last few weeks, every means, fair or unfair, have been taken to bring odium and reproach upon the character of that noble champion of republicanism, Hon. James G. Blaine, and through all this fiery ordeal of scandal his character stands out brighter and fairer than ever. The last attack that was made upon him seemed for a time to work some discomfiture to him and his friends, and when he refused to give up his private correspondence to the scrutiny of his enemies, the Democratic press throughout the country set up a perfect howl of delight, accepting it as conclusive evidence of guilt; and some journals, friendly to him, like the New York *Tribune*, faltered for a day or two, saying that it seemed as though some of the mud thrown at him was going to stick. We never for a moment have lost our confidence in this man, and what is more, we consider it a disgrace to a free and chivalric people that this noble apostle of freedom finds it necessary to bring into the Congress of the United States private letters—sacredly his, and his alone—and lay them open to the inspection of forty-four millions of people. Mr. Blaine says:

> I thank God Almighty that I am not ashamed to show them. There they are: there is the very original package. With some sense of humiliation; with a mortification which I do not pretend to conceal; with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of people, and I will read these letters. [Applause, which the Speaker *pro tem.* endeavored to suppress.] Many of those letters have not the remotest bearing on the subject, but some of them will require a little explanation. Some of them may possibly involve humiliation, but I would a good deal rather take that than take the evil surmises and still more evil inferences that might be drawn if I did not act with this frankness.

These efforts to break down the reputation of Mr. Blaine have only tended to bring over to him all fair minded and honest men of the party, and if the result of this injustice to him is not to secure him the nomination on the first ballot at Cincinnati, it will be a surprise to us. Thousands are flocking to his standard every day. The people are for Blaine.

Death of the Ex-Sultan of Turkey.

Last Sunday news reached New York that the ex-Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, had committed suicide by opening a vein in his arm with a pair of scissors. This report was afterwards confirmed when the following telegram was received by the Turkish Minister, at Washington:

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 4.—A sad event has just painfully affected our august Sovereign and his Government. Abdul Aziz Bhan, the late Sultan, who for some time past unfortunately gave evident signs of mental derangement, having locked himself up this morning in his apartments of the Palace of Tchergan, committed suicide by opening veins of his arms with scissors, which he had concealed on his person. The Imperial Government hastened to cause all the legal inquests (constation) to be made, also a detailed medical report, which will be forwarded to you very soon. All the ministers, the high officers, both civil and military, will be present at the funeral of His Majesty, which will take place with the accustomed pomp and honors due to the deceased, whose body will be laid in the mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud.

It is a somewhat significant fact that the journals which have been figuring upon the Cincinnati Convention all accord Blaine from 250 to 260 votes on the first ballot. Even his bitterest opponents concede this lead to him. It is well to bear this fact in mind amid all the blathering which is done to show that he cannot be nominated. Votes will tell in the convention, and the man who goes in with such a backing, has a pretty fair field before him at all events.

Witnesses Who Know Nothing.

The country will learn shortly how much it has been called upon to pay for witnesses summoned by Democratic committees at this session. The majority of Democratic journals are not expected to tell the truth of the wretched farce of the Congressional investigations now being held, or of the abominable frauds practiced in summoning witnesses. Chairmen of the committees have little intention to investigate or to arrive at facts. What is desired is to obtain the presence of those who will boldly make charges against prominent Republicans or the Republican party. And the object of all these investigations is not truth, but to obtain capital to help the Democracy in the campaign.

The Democratic party at the opening of the session seemed to have borrowed the voice of Gov. Allen; and having got possession of it, to howl through the country what they intended to do, they put forward a claim to his honesty, and have clung to it ever since. By this act of petty knavery the harmony of the Democratic party has been preserved. The honesty of Bill Allen consisted in his having been a hard money man all his life until a candidate for re-election of Governor of Ohio, when he stumped the State for soft money as a means of public salvation, roaring for greenbacks like the interesting suckling that he is. The Democratic party has got his honesty and are satisfied with it, and they proceed to put it into operation by saying one thing and doing another.

The honest Democratic party has, therefore, set out on two errands: First, it has undertaken to discover Republican extravagance; and, secondly, when found it says it is the duty of the Democratic party to correct it. This sounds well, and that is all there is in it, and all that is meant to be in it. For how can Mr. Randall be a great Democratic saver with $5,000 of the salary grab in his pocket, which the country needs? How can the Democratic party be the great American money-saving machine when its reckless expenditures by investigating committees is so notorious? Never were congressional investigations so prostituted as are those now being made. Anybody can be a witness from anywhere. It does not matter whether he has anything to testify to or not; there is the *per diem* and the mileage, which the honest Democratic chairmen know how to dispense so lavishly. In the Spencer investigation the cost to the treasury was upwards of $11,000. A cloud of witnesses from the State of Alabama appeared, and other clouds were ready to come; but the cloudy character of what they knew was soon apparent, and the gentlemen, who had quartered themselves at one of the hotels on Pennsylvania avenue, whiled away the time, which hung heavily on their hands, by calculating how much their witness fees increased day by day. True, they were bummers, glad to come at the invitation of any Democratic chairman of any Democratic committee for the money offered.

A committee waited anxiously some weeks for a witness supposed to be able to smirch the President. He told a tale and he smirched away. Every Democrat pricked up his ears and drew his chair closer, expecting profound revelations. An unlucky inquiry as to where the witness met the President brought the narrative to an untimely end. It transpired that the talkative stranger alleged that he had been visited by the President when in bed; that the President had come to his bedroom the night previous and urged him not to appear before the committee and tell what he knew; that the President came through the keyhole to visit him; and that he had never seen the President in the flesh.

"That will do," said the Democratic chairman in a rage; "strike that testimony out."

And the witness was told to retire, and get his witness fees and mileage!

The simplicity of Mr. Clymer is as notorious as his weeping eyes and sepulchral voice when reading his report to the House on which Gen. Belknap was to be impeached. Some wag appears to have impeached on his own account the common sense of Mr. Clymer himself, which on the trial resulted just as it was expected. Mr. Clymer was guilty of a lack of even ordinary care, the expense of which the treasury must pay. And there has been no end of similar cases. A journalist thus mildly describes the little incident in question:

> A WATER HAUL.—Mr. Clymer's committee yesterday summoned from Baltimore a man named Lewis D. Harrison. Some one had told Clymer that he could "squeal" and would if he was manipulated properly. To-day he was in the committee room. The members went at him as if he knew all about the Fort Sill post-tradership. He was amazed. He didn't even know where Fort Sill was. The committee looked at each other mysteriously, sent him away, and paid him off. This is the second witness from Baltimore who has been summoned to testify about matters of which he knew nothing.

All Bummerdom rejoiced when the Democratic party commenced to save. The bummers got the savings, and the country lost the money. 'Rah!

——The bell on the Baptist church, at Milesburg, either fell out of the frame or had some other accident happen to it, which rendered it unfit for use last Sunday. It will be in order again, however, for next Sabbath.

——Green has good cigars.

Republican Truths.

It was remarked by many thoughtful people, who rejoiced at the gains in the New Hampshire election, that the Republicans of that State were men who interested themselves in political affairs; who understood the bearing of current events; and who were capable of forming an opinion upon the great question of the day, little, if any way, inferior to persons who stood prominent in the party and were regarded as statesmen.

This is high praise, and nothing has occurred to detract from it. It would be well for Republicans everywhere to imitate as good an example. Let them watch the progress of public thought. Let them reflect on the grand principles of their party, and the glorious record it has achieved; and never for one moment to forget the great object the Republican party has in view, viz:—To render secure the Union of the States; to establish freedom throughout the land; and to protect the equal rights of all men as citizens before the law.

The ascendency for a season of the Democracy has interfered with this work. It has impeded, and seeks to overthrow it. But the taint of disloyalty which so largely affects the Democratic party, and its obvious intention, should only arouse Republicans to a sense of duty and to the determination to throw their whole heart and soul into its performance. With this view, it will not be out of place to put forward some telling truths, which are always applicable, and which, at this time, should be treasured up with care. For the campaign of 1876 must be fought with the weapons of truth against those of error, and wielded by Republicans, who loved and still love their country, against the Democrats who sympathized with the rebellion, and who to-day cannot shake off their responsibility for it.

Make up your mind to oppose all propositions for a third party, and to support the Republican nominee for the convention at Cincinnati. Any other course would be injurious, while every Republican must be found at his post ready to bear the heat and burden of the day, and willing to labor zealously for the success of his party

Throw to the winds all ideas that the Democracy is a party of reform. It never can be under its present leaders. There was little reform till the Republican party came into power, when its measures laid the foundation for the country's greatness, and its rise in wealth and power. True reformers must be looked for among those who were true when the Nation was imperiled; and as Republicans were true to the Nation when attacked by the Southern Democracy and their Democratic allies, Republicans alone can be trusted to introduce the reform made necessary to lift the people out of the results of the Democratic war.

Democratic and other journals, not in sympathy with the Republican party, level their denunciations at that class of Republican leaders who struck the rebels hardest during the war, and who, since its close, have been working to the end that the conquest over the enemies of the Republic might not be so barren that its repetition would only be a question of time. This is language of serious import, and demands the attention of the people. Republicans are warned to disregard these attacks, in order that they may devote their energies in the fullest manner to the great work in hand. Had it not been for this class of men the results of the war might have been different. Republicans are tenacious of purpose because they are patriotic.

Do not be deluded by the pretense of conciliating the South. The South, by its rebellion, sought to cripple, dismember and inflict irreparable injury on the country; and the proposal must come from Southern men who must show that they are prepared for it. On this point a prominent Republican has expressed himself both forcibly and justly. He said: "I have desired, and do now desire, that a perfect reconciliation between the friends and the late enemies of the nation should take place, but while I am willing to concede much, I do not care to have the concession all on one side."

These are truths worth remembering.

The Reform Democracy.

There is no question about the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature having had several officers who were as destitute of honesty as they were of decency, but the Democracy in Congress rather carry off the palm in having all kinds of scoundrels as subordinates. Doorkeeper Fitzhugh, whose case we mentioned before as having been given an opportunity to resign, was last week dismissed after stealing some public documents. In another case, while Mr. Wells, of Mississippi, was trying to get a resolution in to investigate a most shameful crime of an assistant doorkeeper, the Sergeant-at-Arms got wind of it and removed the offender. This makes nine officers of the House already removed for crime or offenses against common decency, and is a rich commentary on the big talk of Democratic newspapers about putting honest men into office.—[Lewistown Gazette.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MILLHEIM, June 3d, 1876.

MR. TUTEN:

We have had a flag flung to the breeze and our William K spoke—yes, he did—spoke right out in *meetin'*, and it was a most eloquent effort; it reminded one of his school-boy days at Jacksonville, when the girls used to say he had a soft place in his hat, when his hat was on his head. William always had aspirations for the prefix Honorable, and he is just as highly pleased as a little dog with two tales; but he will be more pleased if he can be twice Honorable. Ah, that's the rub—he wants to go back, but that pay he took is bothering the people. They want to know if it is not fair to suppose if a man will take money from the State that he did not earn, that he would take other money if offered. Where was William on Decoration Day? Did he exhaust his efforts when he spoke for the flag a few days before? Why was he not on hand to say a good word for the fallen heroes who died that the flag might live? It seemed to pass over William's mind that the fallen heroes were dead Lincoln hirelings, for whom he had no sympathy, who cannot vote now, and it is only votes that William wants. He claims that Bellefonte's Democratic candidate for the Senate is fixing things for him on your side—old man Shugert is not to go back to Harrisburg, and that the Centre county Democrats are going back on him, but William thinks that his chances are decidedly good over the Buckwheats who are now seeking to be his successor. JOE.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:

Permit me through your paper to call the attention of those interested in unseated lands to an error in the advertisement of a large quantity of unseated lands to be sold on the 12th of June, 1876 The second section of the Act of Assembly of 9th of March, A. D. 1847, requires that notice of the time and place be published in two newspapers, subject to the same provisions and same penalties in each case as specified in the 1st section of Act of 13th of March, 1815.

The sales advertised to take place on the 12th of June, 1876, have been advertised in but one English newspaper—the other paper being German, and the advertisement being inserted in the German language.

The Courts have uniformly held that where an Act of Assembly provides for the publication of notice in two newspapers, English newspapers are presumed to be intended, unless the act specifies a different language. See Tyler vs. Bowen, 1st Pittsburgh Report, page 225, "Road in Upper Hanover," 8" Wright, 277; Kratz's appeal, 21 Leg. Inst. 5.

Under these decisions the Treasurer of the county has made himself liable to a fine of $50 for every tract of land he has advertised for sale. He has given notice in only one newspaper, and a sale made under it would be void.

It is but fair that the attention of the public be called to this error. Had the Treasurer of the county desired to do the honest, straightforward thing, he would have examined, or had some one examine the law for him, and not obeyed the dictations and instructions of the chief who runs the Court House ring.

BELLEFONTE, June 6th, 1876.

In your paper of the 24th ult. I noticed that you suggested the appointment of Daniel M Wolf as principal of our public schools, to which the W*irkman* replies, requesting you not to forestall the action of the board of directors. I think it is the duty of the people to take an interest in this matter, and I as one of the patrons wish to say a few words, and call the attention of those interested to the action of the board last year, and prevent a repetition of its action if possible.

In the first place the appointment of teachers was conducted in such a manner that it was a discredit to the Board It is understood that the appointments were made by barter or trade—that is, if you will vote for my candidate I will vote for yours; and in order to keep the people from understanding it, they resolved to keep their proceedings a secret, which, of itself, if not a violation of law is a violation of public confidence. It was asserted by some of the new members that the schools "had been run in a groove," which they proposed to change. If such was the case it *was* changed, and we can boast of the poorest schools last winter that were ever held in the new school house.

If the Board succeeded in running the schools out of the supposed groove, they run themselves into a close corporation, and a very small one at that. I understood that there was four of a majority, who were opposed to the action of the majority. If such was the case it was their duty to make a minority report, and let the people know who the responsible members were.

There is no reason why our public schools should be second to any other school; there is no reason why they should not attract the attention of every parent who has children to send to school, and they will, if directors do their duty. Let us have good and competent teachers to start with, give us a full term, which will keep the children from idleness, and will prevent future complaint and criticism. X.

Our Associated Press Letter

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1876.

POLITICAL.

The nearness of the meeting of the Republican Convention, at Cincinnati, is my excuse for writing of the condition of political affairs in this city, right upon the eve of that important gathering. The most sincere friend and advocate of Senator Conkling, in the Centennial city, is Mr. William H. Kemble, ex-Treasurer of Pennsylvania. For fully one year Mr. Kemble has thought the wisest thing the Republicans could do would be to nominate Mr. Conkling, yet, notwithstanding this, and his protest against passing the administration of the State into Democratic hands by the nomination of Gov. Hartranft, at Cincinnati, Mr. Kemble was elected a national delegate without opposition.

Gen. Bingham, lately postmaster of our city, is another delegate; his first, last and only choice is Blaine; and in the event of the Maine candidate winning the sceptre, Queen Victoria will make the acquaintance of the handsomest diplomat this country ever sent to the Court of St. James.

Outside of these two gentlemen, the other 10 delegates to Cincinnati are practical men, true to Hartranft, who, if they fail to make him the nominee, will go down with him with colors flying. When they come up, it will be to make things lively, and to support only that ticket which, in their judgment, is most likely to bring victory in November.

"To do this we will have to overcome some of our strongest prejudices, and sacrifice long cherished friendships," says Mr. Robert W. Mackey, the ablest politician in the delegation to Cincinnati.

From a talk with all the delegates from this city, I find none favoring the nomination of Senator Conkling for President, except Kemble. They will agree that, if it is necessary to have Conkling on the ticket to carry New York, it must be as Vice-President; that to carry New York in November, it is absolutely requisite to carry Ohio and Indiana, in October, and our practical fellows fail to see any name so conclusively certain to sweep Ohio and Indiana as Gov. Hayes, who has tried it three times in the Buckeye State and won.

If the twelve delegates from Philadelphia had the framing of a Republican ticket, it would be thus: For President, Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio; for Vice-President, Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of New York.

CENTENNIAL JOTTINGS.

The jewelry in the French department is valued at $250,000.

There is a chandelier made of meerschaum and amber, in the German department, which cost $6,000.

Cotton balls in full bloom attract attention.

The paying admissions on Decoration day numbered 41,111, the largest of any day since the opening.

A mosaic portrait of Gen. Washington, worth $15,000, is now in he Art Gallery. It is the gift of L. A. Gallandt, of Rome, to the city of Philadelphia.

What is to become of the Centennial ice-cream saucers after the Exhibition is over? They are too small for cup-plates and not deep enough for salt-cellars.

The extraordinary demand for woodcock, at the French restaurant, by enlightened Englishmen, and epicurean Frenchmen, has created a corner in squabs. The American diner on woodcock is aware that a fine of $10 is imposed for each bird killed prior to July 1st, and he enjoys a laugh at the expense of his French and English cousins, in their unstinted praise of wood-cock, *alias* young pigeons.

The opening of the Exhibition on Sunday continues to disturb the equanimity of our citizens. Rev. Jastrow, the Hebrew rabbi and High Priest, among the Israelities of this city, Archbishop Wood, Roman Catholic, and every editor of Sunday papers, all tavern keepers, especially the thousand proprietors of gin mills and beer saloons in the vicinity of the Centennial grounds, horse car directors, a good many infidels and a half dozen reputable gentlemen, continue to hold public meetings in favor of opening on Sundays, which means that all the machinery must be in operation, all exhibitors be at their posts, the sale of catalogues go on, the drinking of wines and beer become general, and a frightful disregard of the Sabbath take place. There is a quiet and holy sanctity about the American Sabbath nowhere else so observable, and why such gentlemen as Col. Forney and Dr. Furness, should lend themselves to Jews and Romanists to thus desecrate the Sabbath, passes my understanding.

The *Evening Star* has these praiseworthy words, concerning the Exhibition. They are so just, that I take it they will meet the approval of every fair-minded editor in the land:

"Day by day the immensity, grandeur and elegance of the wondrous aggregation of works of art and science are more and more strikingly asserted. No man possessed of a modicum of the spirit of fairness can speak in any other than praiseworthy terms of the Centennial. If a few errors have been made—and it is not denied that such has been the case—they have been promptly repaired by the management.

As far as it is complete, it is, if not absolutely perfect, at least so far superior to everything of the kind yet attempted in the world, that instead of finding fault, it should be the endeavor of every man who claims to be an American citizen, and who is possessed of a single spark of patriotic pride, to aid in proclaiming the fact.

All who can should see it. It is the greatest school ever opened up to the American people. There is not a single exhibit that has not an instructive lesson for nearly every visitor; not a piece of machinery that does not teach something useful; not a work of art that is not calculated to elevate and refine. It should be the aim and object of every writer for the public press to have these happy influences exerted upon the greatest possible number of our people.

If there be errors in management, do not exaggerate them. Molé-hills should not be magnifiee into mountains. If mistakes have crept in let them be pointed out with a kindly spirit, and not with one that glories in pulling down rather than build up this superb and confessedly successful enterprise."

THE FINE ARTS.

There is only a fig leaf's difference between French and American fine art, as represented at our great Exhibition. Hundreds of nude figures of men and boys are displayed to the gaze of the multitude of men, women and children, who visit the French section. The French artist does not mutilate his marble statue, but gives the figure in its entirety; the more modest American sculptor vivisects his victim and then hides his deformity beneath a fig-leaf.

I would not write of this subject were it not that nothing in the exhibition is more conspicuous than these many figures of naked men and women. There may be a classical beauty about this particular feature of the fine arts, that they whose perceptions are clearer than mine comprehend; most assuredly the modest school-teacher would not take delight in lingering very long with her class of boys, or girls, over these groups of statuary.

In my old fogy notions of "high art" I fail to understand how vulgarity is to benefit mankind; it is strikingly observable that while the cultured man or woman turn instinctively away from this French art, "ladies," bedecked with jewels and lace, whose lives of shame are made more apparent by the glare of diamonds, gloat over these figures in admiration: their loud laughter and vulgar remarks ought to satisfy the artist that his chisel fashioned his marble not altogether in vain.

There died in this city, almost half a century ago, a plain and unpretending man, whose taste for the beautiful was in happy contrast with the artist of to-day, whose skill is to "benefit mankind" by an exhibition of it at our Centennial. This plain man whose name will be honored until the end of time, is none other than Stephen Girard, and if the marble statue that stands above the sacred sarcophagus, which contains his remains, could be set up in the Main Exhibition building in contrast with the chiseled marble of 1876, a lesson would be taught that would prove of benefit.

This statue of Girard was made in accordance with his instructions, given before his death, and is habited in coat, vest, pants and boots, representative of those worn by him while living. There is a natural simplicity and beauty about it which causes the father and mother to long linger at it with their sons and daughters; they regard it as a thing of beauty; but the art connoisseur who regards a naked figure as the perfection of art, doubtless turns scornfully away from it, and wonders why all men's taste cannot rise to the classic beauty of a fig-leaf. J. W. F.

Across the Continent in Eighty Hours

Last week we mentioned the fact that a fast train would attempt to run from New York to San Francisco in eighty-eight hours. The run was made from New York to Pittsburg without stopping, a distance of over four hundred miles. This is the first case on record of a train going that distance without making a stop, and could not have been accomplished in this instance only that the Pennsylvania railroad has conveniences for taking on water when the train is in motion. The train above mentioned arrived at Pittsburg ahead of time, and has kept ahead of the schedule time all the distance across the continent, arriving in San Francisco last Sunday morning at 9:50. We copy the following account of the trip and reception on the other side from the Williamsport "Gazette and Bulletin":

SAN FRANCISCO, June 4.—When it was announced on the bulletin boards last evening that the trans-continental train had passed Winnemucca at 8:20 P. M., nine hours ahead of time, the excitement in San Francisco began to increase. The progress of the train westward had been watched with great interest from the time it left Pittsburg, and as it rapidly neared the end of the journey, the interest deepened. Many could scarcely believe that the great run could be made in the time laid down. Westward of Winnemucca the extraordinary run of fourteen miles in eleven minutes was made, which is without a parallel in railroading.

ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

No interruptions occurred and the train made magnificent time to the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains. At Truckee the ascent of the great moun-

tain chain was commenced. Donner lake was passed late in the night, and as the train neared Colfax the first streak of dawn was noticed in the eastern sky.

DOWN THE EASTERN SLOPE.

From this point it was announced that they were descending the western slope, and if no accident occurred, would reach San Francisco ahead of time Then the excitement commenced in earnest. The streets were alive with people, and the theme of conversation was the phantom train which was approaching the city with such startling velocity. Preparations were at once made to give the travelers a fitting reception, by getting the bands ready to greet them as they stepped from the steamer at the city landing

SACRAMENTO AND STOCKTON PASSED.

Soon came a dispatch that the train had passed Sacramento, and was thundering down the valley ahead of time, which quickened the excitement, now almost at fever heat. In a short time Stockton was left behind, and the distance was shortening up with wonderful rapidity. But it was not until a message flashed over the wire announcing the safe arrival of the train at Oakland, that San Francisco fairly boiled over with excitement, and the populace shouted with joy.

THE OVATION.

When the passengers landed in the city at 9:50 this morning, having made the run across the continent—3,317 miles—in 80 hours and 32 minutes, they were met with such a storm of applause as never rent the air of San Francisco before. Thousands of people blocked up the streets, and as the bands played inspiring airs of welcome, they stepped into the carriages which were in waiting and were driven to the Grand Hotel, where they were received with another ovation.

CONDITION OF THE PASSENGERS.

The passengers were in good condition, notwithstanding the fearfully rapid manner in which they were whirled across the continent. Of course they underwent great excitement, and it is expected that when the reaction sets in they will experience a feeling of weariness. To-morrow night Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer will be received with an ovation at the theatre, and as things now look, the building will not be half large enough to accommodate the throng that will demand admission to witness the play of Henry the Vth.

Additional Local Happenings

——Green has the largest stock of drugs in town

——Mr. B. Tyson would inform the citizens of Bellefonte that he has just completed a splendid ice box for keeping his beef in, where it will be free from flies, and always fresh and cool If you want good mutton, call on B Tyson; if you want good veal, call on B. Tyson. Remember the place, at the Bellefonte Market House. 23 5t

——The Centennial Temperance Club have adopted the following parade dress to be worn at the coming celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July in this town: Dark pants and white shirts, without coat or vest; straw hat with blue band; a red, white and blue roseate worn on the left breast; a white apron with the monogram of the Club inscribed thereon.

——The Ladies' Missionary Society met last Friday at the house of Mrs. William Humes on Allegheny street. About forty members were present. Mrs. Orbison read some very interesting letters from missionaries abroad. An effort is being made to establish other societies of this kind throughout the county. One has been established at Buffalo Run, and seven members have joined, and others signified their desire to take hold of the work. The services at Mrs. Humes's were very interesting. The meeting adjourned at ten o'clock, and it was not decided where the next session would be held

——From the facility with which benzine removes grease spots from fabrics, this substance has come to be regarded almost as a household indispensable. But few persons, however, realize the explosive character of benzine, or the danger attending the careless handling of the liquid. Being one of the most volatile and inflammable products resulting from the distillation of petroleum, it vaporizes with great rapidity, so that the contents of a four ounce vial, if overturned, would render the air of a moderate sized room highly explosive. The greatest care should be exercised in handling this substance in close proximity to fire, and it is important to remember that the vapor escaping from an uncorked bottle will cause a flame to leap over a space of several feet.

——The Mite meeting of the M. E. Church met last Monday night at the house of Sheriff Munson. There were about one hundred persons present. There was singing and a good time generally. The object of this society is to raise money by small sums for the purpose of furnishing the church. It is surprising what an amount of money can be raised in this way. We were a member of a society of this kind in the old Bay State, the requirements being that each member should pay a sum of five cents every time the society met. In a remarkably short time the sum of four hundred dollars was raised by these small contributions, and no one seemed to feel it. We hope our Methodist friends will meet with even better success, and we can see no reason why they should not. Every one who feels an interest in the good cause can thus give it material aid and never feel the loss of the money.

S & A. Loeb's Mammoth Dry Goods Store.

THE CHEAPEST

IN ALL LINES OF GOODS,

And Under ALL CIRCUMSTANCES!

S. & A. LOEB.

TAKE A PAPER.—"I'm too poor to take a paper." If you are too poor to take a paper, you should be indicted by the Grand Jury for obtaining a family under false pretense. In nineteen of twenty of the unpainted, ill-located, and uncomfortable dwellings on the roadside, you will find neither newspapers nor trace of one ever having been there. The husband knows nothing about the markets, except a few items he picks up at the country store. The wife is ignorant, and because she is denied the general information derived from newspapers, she descends in the scale, and becomes a newsmonger, filled with superstitious ideas and neighborhood scandal. The children grow up ignorant, without ambition to push ahead in life, they know nothing about the world they live in and care less. Stop at a neatly painted house, situated in a grove of trees, with vines on the porch and a paling fence in front, and on the table, in the corners and in the hall you will find the local papers. The proprietor is as well posted about the prices of everything as any traveling speculator. His wife has a wider scope for her mind's employment than neighborhood scandal, and the children grow up ambitious to succeed in life, and, warned of the tricks, evils and quicksands of the world, generally press onward and upward into the front rank.

——There was a railroad meeting at the Court House last Saturday evening, but nothing of importance transpired. There will be another meeting some time this week. We understand that there is seventeen thousand dollars raised and there is no doubt of their being able to raise the balance, so that our branch road to Lemont is a certainty; in fact, our business men cannot afford to let this opportunity pass from them. Every interest in our town would be effected, and nothing would so effectually dry up every industry in this town as to fail to complete this enterprise. It is as Gen. Beaver said: "If the men who are interested in this enterprise as much, or more, than any others in the place will not see what is for their interest, and do their part, then the others have interests which they cannot see sacrificed, and they will be compelled to make up the balance."

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—A friend of ours visited the farm of Mr. Wolf, near this place, and noticed that there were piles of may-apple leaves throughout his corn field. He enquired what they were there for, when Mr. Wolf went to a pile and shook out about sixty cut-worms. He then said these leaves, scattered through the field, would cause these worms to leave the corn and go to the leaves, and there they will stay and die, troubling the corn no more.

——The Y. M. C. A. of this town, are holding meetings every evening this week, preparatory to the coming of the Rev. Taygart, a revivalist. It will be remembered that this gentleman spent a short time in this place about a year ago. He is expected in about three weeks. The young men are endeavoring to form a choir of singers, to lead in the singing.

——The members of the Centennial Temperance Club of this place are requested to be present at the next meeting, as business of importance to all members will be considered.

——Go to Green's for your cigars.

——A down East editor has been observing the fashions and their effects on the fair sex. One of the conclusions arrived at by him is expressed as follows: "The ladies' spring hats are pretty, and worn on the upper edge of the left ear, which makes one look arch and piquant, like a chicken looking through a crack in the fence."

——The Franklin House, at Milesburg, which was almost destroyed by fire last fall, is now finished and ex-Sheriff Hall, the proprietor, moved into it last week. It is a great ornament to that borough, and is elegantly fitted up.

READING NOTICES.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.—It is reported that Boschee's German Syrup has, since introduction in the United States, reached the immense sale of 40,000 dozen per year. Over 6,000 druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the factory, at Woodburg, N. J., and not one have reported a single failure, but every letter speaks of its astonishing success in curing severe coughs, colds settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs. We advise any person that has any predisposition to weak lungs, to go to their druggist, J. Zeller & Son, or F. Potts Green, and get this medicine, or inquire about it. Regular size, 75 cents; sample bottle 10 cents. Two doses will relieve any case. Don't neglect your cough. eow.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.—There is probably no man to whom the community owe so much as to the honest, fair-spoken physician, who does his actual duty both to himself and to his patients. Really skillful physicians are not so numerous that their virtues need no mention, and hence the advertisement of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, may well claim the readers attention. Dr. Pierce is a type of a class of men who obtain success by careful and well-directed effort, not attempting too much, or creating false ideas as to ability. The only reliable physician in these days of complicated disorders and high-pressure living is the "Specialist," the man who understands his own branch of the business. Such is the line of Dr. Pierce. For the benefit of his readers he has written a "Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is well worth reading by those who need such a work. With strict business honor, high professional skill, reasonable fees, and a large corps of competent assistants, Dr. Pierce will doubtless make his name as familiar as "household words."—St. Louis *Globe*.

A Cure for Bronchitis.

ADAMSBURG, Pa., July 10, '60.

MESSRS. Seth W. Fowler & Son, Boston.

Gents:—About two years ago I had a severe attack of bronchitis. My throat was very sore, and at one time I could not speak above a whisper. Reading in one of your pamphlets of the cures that had been effected by Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I was induced to give the article a trial, the result of which was quite satisfactory. The use of one bottle restored me so much that I thought there was no need of taking more, but upon taking a slight cold, I felt the trouble returning. I then took half a bottle of Balsam, which has entirely cured me. I now, with pleasure, recommend this really invaluable article to all who are suffering from similar diseases, and am confident that, after a single trial, they will speak of it in the terms I now do. Respectfully yours,

MRS. SARAH SMITH.

CAUTION.—Beware of preparations bearing similar names. Examine the bottle carefully before purchasing, and be sure you get "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," having the signature of "I. Butts" on the wrapper. 50 cents and $1 a bottle.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, June 7, 1876.

The trade of our town jogs along, and we have no new feature to report in regard to merchandize.

WHEAT.—There is a marked decline in wheat at the sea board, and our quotations are barely maintained here. The crop reports all over the country, are very favorable for a good yield, and those who are holding back for higher prices must necessarily be disappointed.

CORN.—The corn market is in the same unsatisfactory state. The shipments to Europe from Philadelphia amounted in the aggregate to 1,440,000 bushels, last week. The unprecedented low rates of freight from the West, makes corn very low at the sea board—the latest quotations being 57c and 58½c for choice.

OATS.—The supply is still in excess of the demand.

POTATOES.—The market is completely stocked.

HAY.—Hay is worth $15 per ton for choice Timothy.

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 25@1 30
Red wheat	1 25
Rye per bushel	75
Corn, cob	40
Corn, shelled	40@45
Oats	30@35
Flour, retail per barrel	7.00
Flour, wholesale	6.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$20 00
Hay Mixed per ton	15.00@18 00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00
Clover seed	9 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 50
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	11 50

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	12
Apples, per bush	125
Cherries, dried, per pound	10
Beans per quart	8
Fresh Butter per pound	20
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	18
Hams, per pound	18
Bacon	12 & 14
Lard, per pound	15
Eggs, per doz	15
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes, per bush	20
Dried Beef	25
Wilson's Pressed Pork, per lb	23
Cod fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	18
Oranges, per doz	50
Lemons, per doz	40

——Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co. Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 3, 1876.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	122¾	123¼
" 5 20 " '65, M. and N	115¼	115¾
" " " '65, J. and J	119¼	119¾
" " " '67, " "	121¾	122
" " " '68, " "	123½	123¾
" 10-40 coupon	118½	118¾
" Pacific 6's, cy	124¾	124¾
New 5's, Reg. 1881	117¼	117¾
" " c 1881	117¾	117¾
Called Bonds		
Gold	112¾	112¾
Silver		
Pennsylvania	59	59¼
Reading	44	44⅜
Philadelphia and Erie	17¾	18
Lehigh Navigation	44¾	44⅞
" Valley	56¼	56¾
United R. R. of J	136½	137¼
Oil Creek	9¾	10¼
Northern Central	53¾	54¼
Central Transportation	47¾	47⅞
Nesquehoning	52	52½
C. & A. Mortgages 6's '89	104	104½

New Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of James Pheasant, late of Howard township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

J. K. LEATHERS, Adm'r.

Mt. Eagle, June 5, 1876. v8-23 6t

Peabody House,

CORNER OF LOCUST & NINTH STS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Convenient to all places of amusement and car lines in the city. No changes to and from the Centennial grounds.

Col. Watson, proprietor of the HENRY HOUSE, Cincinnati, for the past twenty years, and present proprietor, has leased the house for a term of years, and has newly furnished and fitted it throughout. He will keep a strictly first-class house, and has accommodation for 300 guests. Terms only $3 per day.

No bar has ever been kept in the HENRY HOUSE, nor will any be kept at the PEABODY.

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Belting, Packing, Hose, Boots & Shoes, Clothing, etc. RICHARD LEVICK, SON & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Phil. Agents National Rubber Co. 23-4t

New Advertisements.

Awarded the Highest Medal at Vienna.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, New York,

(Opp. Metropolitan Hotel.)

Manufacturers, Importers & Dealers in

CHROMOS AND FRAMES,

Stereoscopes and Views

Albums, Graphoscopes and Suitable Views.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS

We are headquarters for everything in the way of

STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS,

Being manufacturers of the

MICRO-SCIENTIFIC LANTERN,
STEREO-PANOPTICON,
UNIVERSITY STEREOPTICON,
ADVERTISERS' STEREOPTICON
ARTOPTICON,
SCHOOL LANTERN, FAMILY LANTERN,
PEOPLE'S LANTERN.

Each style being the best of its class in the market.

Catalogues of Lanters and Slides, with directions for using, sent on application.

Any enterprising man can make money with a Magic Lantern.

☞Cut out this advertisement for reference.

no23

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, on the estate of Abraham Switzer, late of Bellefonte, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

8-20-6t JAMES H. RANKIN, Bellefonte, Pa.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 8lotf

GO TO

J. R. BARTROFF

FOR FINE

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.

Repairing promptly and neatly done at reasonable rates. 22-3m

E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of James H. Linn, of Milesburg Iron Works, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN IRWIN, Jr.,
JAS. D. SOMMERVILLE, } Admrs.
ADAM HOY,

Milesburg, Pa., May 30, 1876. 22-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Margaret Shaw, deceased, late of Half Moon township, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.

23-6t BENJAMIN BUCK, Adm'r.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.

On and after April 17th, 1876, passenger trains on the Bellefonte & Snow Shoe Railroad will run as follows:

LEAVE WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL. A. M.	EXPRESS. A. M.
Bellefonte	7.00	11.30
Milesburg	7 10	11.40
Snow Shoe Intersection	7.15	11.45
Snow Shoe City	8.30	1.00

LEAVE EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL. A. M.	EXPRESS. P. M.
Snow Shoe City	9.00	3.40
Snow Shoe Intersection	10.12	4.51
Milesburg	10.20	4.58
Bellefonte	10.30	5. 2

DANIEL RHOADS, Gen. Supt.

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimate showing cost of advertising. 9lotf

Dauchy & Co

AGENTS 25 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS mounted size 9x11 for $5, or 20 for $1. CHROMOS of every description. National Chromo Co., Phila., Pa. 23-4w

For

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS.

AND ALL THROAT DISEASES.

Use

WELLS' Carbolic Tablets,

PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.

A TRIED AND SURE REMEDY.

Sold by Druggists generally, and JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. Philadelphia, Pa

v823-4t

MOODY'S Sermons and prayer meeting talks from the *Tribune* verbatim reports. 500 pages $2. Just out. 300 sold before publication. Agents wanted. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, N. Y. 8-23-4w

IT PAYS

any smart man who wishes to make $2,000 a year on a SMALL capital, to commence in our line of business. Rolling is a specialty. There is no one in your county who carries on the business. YOU can learn it in one week by studying our instructions, which we send to all who ask for them. Any man having $100 capital to start with, can purchase such material to roof three ordinary houses. The sum realized from sale and profit on this supply, added to the regular pay for labor as Roofer, should amount to not less than $3 00. An expert man could Easily do the work in nine working days. Two persons of small means can join together to advantage: one canvassing while the other attends to the work. Send for our book of instructions (Free if you write at once), and study it. Ask for terms. If you are unable to advance the money, present the matter to the principal storekeeper in your place, and talk it over with him. He will be glad to furnish the stock and divide the PROFIT with you. We will guarantee the territory to the first responsible applicant. Address, N. Y. SLATE ROOFING CO., LIMITED, 4 Cedar St., N. Y., and mention. 23-4w

Men are earning $10 to $120 per week selling

OUR COUNTRY

AND ITS RESOURCES.

Complete in the Thrilling History of 100 eventful years; also of the great "EXHIBITION,"—grand in description of our Mighty Resources in Agriculture, Commerce, Minerals, Manufactures, Natural wonders, Curiosities, etc. all richly illustrated. A "Centennial" MAP and "BIRD'S EYE VIEW" Free. Sells marvelously fast. 1,000 more agents wanted quick for this and our standard "Life of Livingstone." 50,000 already sold; also new Bible, 2,000 illust. Has no equal. For Extra Terms write to HUBBARD BROS. Pubs. Phil. 21-4w

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, Our

WESTERN BORDER.

A complete and graphic History of American pioneer Life 100 YEARS AGO. Its thrilling conflicts of Love and War, Fun, Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys, Indian Warpaths, Camp life, and Sports. A book for old and young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. Agents wanted everywhere. Illustrated circulars free. J. C. McCURDY & CO., Phila. Pa. 2-4w

MIND READING, PHYSIOGNOMY, FASCINATION, Soul-Charming, Mesmerism and Marriage-Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly; 400 pages; by mail, 50 cts. Hunt & Co. 139 S. 7th St., Phila., Pa. 2-4w

SHEET MUSIC & MUSIC BOOKS.

When visiting Philadelphia be sure to call on us. Those who cannot come to the Centennial City, should enclose 50 cents for a copy of our new and beautiful "*Flags of all Nations Grand March*," a superb composition with handsomely illustrated Title Page.

Address WM. B. ZONE & CO.,
Dealers in Sheet Music & Music Books,
22-12t 1023 Chestnut St., Phila.

See Here. Do you want Books, Cards, Prints, Photographs? Why then do you waste money on swindlers. Instead send to the old reliable house of Hunter & Co. Established in 1861. We supply all books, all goods and at lowest rates. Send for some of these: Trunk Full of Fun, 15c; How to win a Sweetheart, 25c; Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, 40c; Book of Love Letters, 50c; Boxing Made Easy, 15c; Morgan's Masonry Exposed, 25c; Hunters Guide 25c; Grangers Exposed, 150 pp. illustrated, 50c; How to write short hand, 50c; How to amuse an evening Party, 50c; Dancing made easy, 50c; How Gamblers win, 25c; Leap Year Cards, Courtship Cards, Fortune Telling Cards, Love Making Cards, 4 kinds—each in case only 50c; Complete Pocket Houle, 50c; Chesterfield's Letter Writer, 40c; Monitor of Freemasonry, 75c; How to win and how to woo, 50c; The Laws of Love, 50c; Ladies' Guide to Beauty, 50c; &c., &c., &c. Remember any or all of the above will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of price. We import and hunt up foreign and scarce books. We make it a study. We want your patronage. Send for our circulars. It will pay you to deal with us. Do not risk money with swindlers but send at once to the "old reliables," HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

SAVE MONEY. Why pay double prices. You can buy $15 worth of goods for $10. Why not do it. The Great N. E. Dollar Sale, 33 Bromfield St., Boston, is firmly established, and for years has sold really valuable goods worth $1.50 to $3 at a fixed price of only one dollar. We are endorsed and recommended by the best papers and leading merchants. Our sale is an honorable business enterprise and we do sell all goods at less than other dealers. In these times it pays to save money. We sell Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Glassware, Cutlery, Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Spices, and in fact everything, including 5,000 elegant books, which retail at $1.50 to $4, and all for just one dollar. There is no "ticket," "order slip" or other trickery. One dollar secures any article on the list. We send C.O.D., let you see goods before paying. Over 78,000 patrons attest the popularity of our great sale. We need agents everywhere. We cannot give any idea here of our business. Our list of goods would fill this entire paper. Send at once for circulars and recommendations from our patrons. You can save cash. Will you do it? Address at once H. ORMISTON & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Broomfield St., Boston, Mass.

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of fine farming lands for sale by the GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Strong soils; ready markets; sure crops; good schools; R. R. runs through centre of grant; settlements all along; all kinds of products raised; Plenty of water, timber and building materials; price from 4 to 10 dollars per acre; one fourth down, balance on time.

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5-7-13 eow

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first number for 1876 just issued.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Agricultural.

Root Pruning.

Dr. Hull, the well known pomologist of Alton, Ill., spoke as follows at the annual meeting of the American Pomological Society:

"I have seen great revolutions in fruit-growing, having been a resident of Illinois twenty-nine years. At first it was declared that no cultivated fruits could be grown in the middle and northern parts of the State. But I was determined to grow the finest fruit or none, and I succeeded. I commenced root pruning as an experiment to produce fruits on rapid-growing trees that did not bear, not expecting it would do to continue it any length of time; but to my surprise the trees that were severely root pruned not only bore the most and best fruit, but they continued the most healthy, and stood the severe winter the best. From this fact I studied out the needs of the tree, and have found out that all trees and plants store up each year a certain amount of food for a specific purpose alone. Now we can direct the forces of any tree so that it will store up food for fruit production, if we wish, and not injure the tree thereby. Some trees on favorable soil will do this, while other varieties and other soils tend to wood growth production; in such cases they are so taxed to force the sap to the ends of the long roots that they have not time after making root growth to return the sap to the buds and form fruit buds. In such cases, if the root pruner be used in July, the roots are shortened, the sap finds its way to the ends of the roots, completes the root growth, and the tree then forms fruit buds and ripens up all growth before winter sets in, and is thus enabled to stand the winter uninjured, and you get a crop of fruit from every tree that you wish. I have never known this to fail when tried in July, and trees of any age may be forced to bear fruit if desired; but a judicious system of thinning out all sprouts and diseased branches is equally necessary. By this system blight is, in a great measure, prevented, and trees are kept healthy.

Why Wet Land Should be Drained.

Free access of atmospheric air to every part of the soil is of the utmost importance. The air assists the various processes of decomposition by which dead animal and vegetable matter is made to yield products of the highest value as elements of the food of plants. If the soil is full of water of course the air cannot get into the soil to perform this office. Hence, drains by drawing off the water beneath give the air free admission to the soil, and each shower of rain, by displacing the air already present, and then falling through the soil and running away in the drains, renews the supply of fresh air. In this way drains are of the greatest benefit. Drains actually diminish the loss of plant food by washing away. Stagnant water is injurious to the roots of plants. They will not grow in it. Draining removes this, and hence the plants send down their roots deeper. Consequently the capability of absorbing nourishment is greatly increased. It is this increased depth of the roots in well drained soil which renders the crop growing on them less liable to suffer from drouth than those on imperfectly drained land.

Although rain, washing the surface and running off by open channels, may and does dissolve and wash away a considerable quantity of nutritive matter, the water which sinks into the land carries these nutritive substances deeper down into the soil and deposits them in the lower portions where the roots of the plants are to be found, and where these roots can seize and absorb these soluble matters. Draining causes the rain to pass through a considerable thickness of soil before it runs off, and hence it causes less loss of nutritive matter than is occasioned by rain washing soil as it does in undrained lands, carrying off the valuable nutritive matter that abounds on the surface.

Those who live nearest the depot are generally the last ones to get on board the train; so those who live nearest the church are almost always the last ones to come in Sunday mornings.

Potatoes as Food for Stock.

Potatoes, in many localities distant from market, are this season so abundant and cheap that they can only be used to advantage for feeding out to stock. It is true that certain agricultural writers have of late endeavored to show that this valuable tuber was of little or no value for such purposes, but it is very probable that the gentlemen who advance such theories are not practical agriculturists. The value of the potato as food for man and many of our domestic animals, is too well known to be discarded at this late day in consequence of anything which is written by theoretical chemists or agriculturists.

But while the potato has been a bone of contention among agriculturists for many years, its practical and specific value as food for stock has never been disproved when put to test. The celebrated veterinarian, William Youatt, in speaking of the value of the various kinds of roots as food for stock, says of the potato: "Among the various vegetable productions that have been appropriated to the stall-feeding of cattle, none have occasioned greater discussion than potatoes. They furnish an excellent supply, particularly when cut and steamed; they appear adequate to the fattening of meat cattle in combination with comparitively small portions of other food." In the eleventh volume of the British "Annals of Agriculture," we find some statements from Mr. Campbell, of Charlton, Eng., which bear directly upon this question. He observed that 100 bushels of potatoes and 700 pounds of hay are generally sufficient to fatten any animal that thrives tolerably well. They should at first be given in small quantities and gradually increased to one or two bushels per day, dry food being always intermixed, and the proportion of hay being uniformly regulated by the effect which the potatoes produce on the bowels. The hay should always be cut in order that it may be more readily mixed with the potatoes.

We might give almost any amount of testimony from practical farmers and stock raisers to corroborate the above, but think it entirely unnecessary, as it is quite likely that a majority of our readers know from experience that potatoes are valuable food for stock. At the present price of beef, butter, cheese or pork, we think our farmers would do better to feed their potatoes than to sell them at twenty cents per bushel and less, prices at which they have been sold in many localities this season. Potatoes are too heavy and bulky a crop to send to a distant market. They are readily turned into beef, cheese, or butter, and in these forms the cost of transportation is greatly reduced.

How to Know a Good Horse.

The colt is born with four grinders; when four front teeth have made their appearance the colt is twelve days old, and when the next four come forth it is four weeks old; when the corner teeth appear, the colt is eight months old; when the latter have attained to the height of the front teeth, it is one year old. The two-year old colt has the kernel (the substance in the middle of the tooth's crown) ground out in all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted, and when three years old, these are substituted by the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth. At six years the kernel is worn out of the lower middle front teeth, and the bridle-teeth have now attained to their full growth. At seven years a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw, the kernel of the teeth next to the middle is worn out, and the bridle-teeth begin to wear off. At eight years the kernel is worn out of the lower front teeth, and begins to decrease in the middle upper front. In the ninth year, the kernel has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth, the hook on the corner has increased in size, and the bridle-teeth lose their points. In the tenth year the kernel is worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw; and in the eleventh year, the kernel has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At twelve years old the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw has become triangular, and the bridle-teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which consequently receive a long narrow appearance, and their kernels have become metamorphosed into a darkish point, gray hairs increase on the forehead and over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

Working Horses.

At a meeting of the British Association at Dublin, Mr. Charles Bianconi, of Caspel, read a letter relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's the great English carriers could not work a horse more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear Mr. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. B. stated that he found by experience that he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days. By not working on Sunday he effected a saving of twelve per cent. Mr. B.'s opinion on this point is the highest importance, for he has over 900 horses, working thirty-seven conveyances, which travel 4,244 miles. It is also the result of forty-four years' experience.

Two friends who had not met each other for years, met, recently on the out-going Omaha express in the smoking car. Each appeared somewhat confused. 'Bless my soul! what are you doing on board here?' said one.

'Hush! hush! I know I can rely upon you. The fact is, I had no wife of my own, so I am running away with another man's,' said the other.

'Thunder! what an idiot you must be. The fact is, I had a wife of my own, and I am running away from her,' replied the first speaker.—Chicago Tribune.

If you pass through the henroost with careful eye, just now, you will notice a sadness creeping over the countenance of the old hens. It is not simply the knowledge that they must die that grieves them, but the thought that they must be sold for spring chickens.

An exchange asks: 'What are our young men doing?' We cannot answer for the rest of the country, but around here they are engaged mainly in trying to lead a nine dollar existence on a seven dollar salary.

Paddy says: 'Be me sowl, I niver traded dogs but twice in me life, and I got *bit* both times.'

A young man narrowly escaped being cut off with a shilling. His father had no shilling.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

New Advertisements.

LAUTH, THOMAS & CO.,

Near Howard, Centre county, Pa., have just opened in their New Store Room an entire

NEW STOCK OF GOODS

consisting in part of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
HARDWARE,
ETC., ETC.

Will be sold at Bottom Prices for cash, or in exchange for produce. v8-22-tf

HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES.

DR. TERRY devotes his time to the treatment of Piles, Blind, Bleeding, or Itching, and all other diseases of the lower bowel. The Doctor guarantees to cure all cases he undertakes, no matter who has attempted and failed. Office 1208 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa. Hours, 11 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M. 22-4t

OBSTACLES TO MARRIAGE. HAPPY RELIEF to Young Men from the effects of Errors and Abuses in early life. Manhood restored. Impediments to Marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and Circulars sent free in sealed envelopes. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, 419 N. Ninth St. Philadelphia, Pa. An institution having a high reputation for honorable conduct and professional skill. v8-22-1y

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania, in Bankruptcy. In the matter of William Armagast, bankrupt. Western District of Pennsylvania, ss. A warrant in Bankruptcy has been issued by said Court against the estate of William Armagast, of the county of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, in said District, adjudged a bankrupt upon petition of his creditors, and the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said bankrupt, to him, or to his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law. A meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a court of bankruptcy to be holden at the Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa., in said District, on the 23d day of June, A. D. 1876, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the office of F. E. Smith, Esq. one of the Registers in Bankruptcy of said District.

JOHN HALL,
22-2t U. S. Marshal for said District.

Banks and Bankers.

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON, WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.

BANKERS,
LEMONT CENTRE CO., PA.
v6n1-1y

BROCKERHOFF, Pres't. J. D. SHUGERT, Cash'r

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receive Deposits and allow Interest, Discount notes, Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. v6n1-1y.

E. C. HUMES, Pres't. J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6n1-1y.

Professional Cards.

WM. F. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa. v6n1-1y

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office on High Street, corner of Diamond, second door from First National Bank. 6-1-tf

BLANCHARD. E. M. BLANCHARD.

E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6-1-1y.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of Brockerhoff House, next door to Centre County Banking Co, 5-17-1y

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reynolds & Co 's Bank. v6n1-1y.

JOHN H. ORVIS. C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWERS.

ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office north-east corner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank 7-1-1y

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorney's at law. Office on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

JOHN I. IRWIN, Attorney-at-law. Office North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections carefully attended to, and remittances promptly made.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. oct27'70-tf.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa Office on High St. ja4'71-tf.

Physicians and Dentists.

EDWIN S. DORWORTH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, on south side of Diamond, two doors above Garman's hotel. Calls promptly attended day or night. 6-14-tf

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanently located in Bellefonte, and may be found at all times at his office (and residence) in the "Turner Building," on Allegheny st., first door North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store. 7-13-tf

H. H. MOTHERSBAUGH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Calls promptly attended to day or night. Office at his drug store, in Beech Creek, Clinton county, Pa. Also dealer in pure drugs and medicines, fancy and toilet articles, etc. v7n41-1y*

DR. J. B. LAIRD, OF MILESBURG, A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having had an experience of over twenty years in civil and military practice, offers his professional services to the public.

☞ Female Complaints and Chronic Diseases made a specialty. v8n1-1y

GEO. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is now permanently located in Bellefonte, in the McClain Block, on the second floor, opposite the Bush House. Having practiced 11 years, is prepared now to do work in the latest improved style. v8-23-1y

DR. E. I. KIER.

Expresses.

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-1y.

JNO. D. SOURBECK.
LOCAL EXPRESS.

A local expressing promptly attende to reasonable rates.

Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town

BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.
6-16-1y

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

WM. MILLS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa 5-29-1y

Miscellaneous Cards.

BALLARD & CO.,

General Commission Merchants

and dealers in Grain, Wool, Hides, Tobacco, Hops, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Dried Fruits, Furs Feathers, Lard, Tallow, Seeds, Bacon, Beans, Poultry, Flour, Vegetables, &c.

Warehouse, 207 & 209 N. Broad St., Philadelphia. 8-13-1y

THOMAS H. RHOADS

is prepared to do

PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention. ☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. v8n12-1y

Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN
DRUGGIST,

BUSH HOUSE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE

Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on shortnotice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store. Particular attention given to preparing Physicians prescriptions, and family recipes. v6n1-1y.

For Sale.

Timothy Seed &c.

FOR SALE.

A FINE LOT OF

Timothy Seed,

ORCHARD GRASS

AND

WISCONSIN

LARGE CLOVER SEED,

and five hundred bushels

—HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED—

JUST RECEIVED

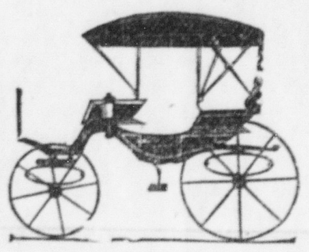
FROM THE WEST,

And for sale by

ABRAHAM SUSSMAN.
v8n7-tf

Carriages.

S. A. McQUISTION



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Buggies, Carriages,
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REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO!

SHOPS NEAR THE DEPOT, BELLEFONTE PA. 5-4-1y

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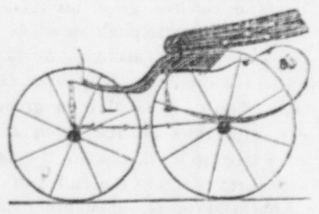

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,

and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, **As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best.**
7-23-1y

For Sale at this Office.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD SECOND HAND

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE,

VERY CHEAP.

Enquire at this office

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

The undersigned give notice that they have this day formed a co-partnership in the

Plumbing And Gas Fitting

business, under the firm name of DANIEL DERR & CO., and will be ready at all times to attend to calls in their line, at the shop of Daniel Derr, in Bellefonte. All work will be done at

REASONABLE PRICES

and in a workmanlike manner.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 3, 1875.

DANIEL DERR,
7-45 JOHN W. BARNES.

WILLIAM S. GALBRAITH,

PLUMBER,

GAS & STEAM FITTER.

We pay particular attention to heating buildings by steam. Copper smithing and re-bronzing old gas fixtures done nicely and expeditiously. All our work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

W. S. GALBRAITH,
17-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

Stoves and Tinware.

W. WETSLER,

DEALERS IN

STOVES

OF THE LATEST AND BEST IMPROVED PATTERNS

TIN WARE

MANUFACTURED FROM THE

BEST QUALITY OF TIN,

AND SOLD AS CHEAP IF NOT CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE IN TOWN.

SPOUTING

a Specialty, and all orders attended to promptly and satisfactor

STORE OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
5-33-tf

Coa Lime, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal!

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

OFFICE IN McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING, (opposite the depot)

J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

WM. SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

DUPONT'S POWDER

RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE—BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.
v5n34-1y

Medical, &c.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 8-17-6m

Sandalwood

possesses a much greater power in restoring to a healthy state the mucus membrane of the urethra than either Cubebs or Copaiba. It never produces sickness, is certain and speedy in its action. It is fast superseding every other remedy. Sixty capsules cure in six or eight days. No other medicine can do this.

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules containing Oil of Sandalwood, sold at all drug stores. Ask for circular or send to 35 & 37 Wooster street, New York, for one. v8n18-6m

Wright's Rejuvenating Elixer.

For the restoration of Nature's forces. It gives new life and vigor to the aged, and causes the blood of youth to course through the veins. It effectually cures Impotency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Muscular Power, Low Spirits, Disorganization of the Generative Organs, and all the train of ills that follow in the path of the transgressor of Nature's laws. Price $2 per bottle.

It will be readily understood that in the brief pace afforded by the advertising columns of a public print, it is impossible to give all particulars of the diseases that may be cured by the CHEROKEE MEDICINES. That they are destined to become immensely popular is plainly obvious in consequence of their

GREAT INTRINSIC MERIT.

The pamphlet and circulars that accompany the medicines give all the information which cannot be given here, and the remedies may be had of any respectable druggist.

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO.,
Wholesale Agents, New York.
METROPOLITAN MED. CO.,
Proprietors, New York.

Steamship Line.

FOR FLORIDA.

FOR THROUGH PASSAGE TICKETS to ST. AUGUSTINE and all landings on ST. JOHN'S RIVER, and interior points in FLORIDA, by steamship to SAVANNAH, and thence by railroad or steamboat,

Apply to WM. L. JAMES, General Agent Philadelphia and Southern Mail S. Co 4:6 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

A Strange Romance.

A Hungarian journal copies from the *Weekly Medical Journal* of St. Petersburg, a periodical devoted to medical and psychological science, the following strange story:

Orenburg is a town of European Russia, situated in the Ural mountains, near the Asiatic border. About a year ago, Abraham Chrokoy, a wealthy Jewish inhabitant of that town, was lying dangerously sick with typhoid fever. On the 22d of September, at midnight, a crisis set in which seemed to take a fatal course; the man suffered and struggled, and his physicians called it the agonies of death. A number of Jews were called in, prayers were offered, wax candles lit, and behold! the patient who was thought to be in the last stages, commenced to breathe freely, opened his eyes, and looked with astonishment at the surrounding scene. Well, this has happened before. Many in whom life was thought to be extinct, have rallied again and recovered their health. But the sequel has no precedent. The man soon after fell into a sleep, which the physicians declared to be a healthy one. In the morning he awoke, saw wife and children around him, who, partly in joy, were waiting for his awakaning. His wife, overwhelmed with joy, wanted to throw herself upon his neck. But by signs he repelled her, and demanded something in a language which none of them understood.

It should be remembered that Abraham Cbrokoy is a man of sallow appearance, tall and lean, looking like a genuine Russian Jew, with long black whiskers and beard, black eyes, and a long Oriental nose, and that before his sickness he understood no other language than Hebrew and a little Russian, being one of those illiterate jews found in such large numbers in that part of the world. Now the man began to speak in a language unintelligible to every one around him. The physician who was summoned did not understand him. With contempt he pushed away his wife and children whenever they attempted to come near him, and the doctor gave it as his opinion that the fellow had become insane The despair of the family lasted many days. His wife in the mean time sent to Tamboy after his parents, but on their arrival Abrahom would not recognize them, did not understand their language and appeared to be angry that not one understood him. After a week he rose from the bed, his wife gave to him the clothes which he had worn before his sickness, the usual habits of the Russian Jews. He examined them closely, and laughed heartily. He wanted to run out, but the people shut the doors, feeling he would catch cold. He remained in the room, pacing it with meditation. Passing a looking-glass he beheld his figure in it; he stopped before the mirror amazed, touched his curls, his big nose, his long beard, and burst out laughing, but then all of a sudden became quiet and earnest and in deep meditation. His wife and parents, who had witnessed this strange behavior, looked at each other in astonishment, and it now appeared to them that the man before them was not their Abraham Chorkoy, but a stranger. But Abraham's forehead bore still the black line with which he was born, so that even the physicians who had attended on the patient for nearly two months had to laugh at the idea. Abraham Chorkoy looked often out of the window, and seemed surprised at the country about him, and one day he made strong efforts to run away. The family now decided to call in the government physician and other doctors, who, after a careful examination, pronounced him thoroughly sane. Although they did not understand the tongue in which he spoke they recognized it as a regular language, well articulated.

Thinking that he could make himself understood in writing, Abraham wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which the physician read, but without comprehending their meaning. The writing was in a plain, good hand, in Latin letters, but the language was unintelligible to all, and no one could make out how Abraham come to use Latin characters.

So things went on until it was agreed to take Abraham to St. Petersburg to the medical university, to hear the opinion of the prominent scholars. As soon as Professor Orlow heard the language of Abraham he recognized it forthwith to be English. Abraham expressed immense pleasure at being enabled to make himself understood, and after some conversation Professor Orlow pronounced Abraham to be a very intelligent Englishman.

"But for God's sake!" cried his wife, "how does my husband come to the English, and how did he forget his Hebrew language?"

Professor Orlow listened with astonishment to the story of Abraham's life, and would not believe that he had been a common, illiterate Russian Jew. He asked Abraham in English who he was and whence he came, and Abraham replied in the same language: "I am from British Columbia, in North America; my native town is New Westminster. I have there a wife and one child living, and God only knows how I came here or to this woman."

It is easy to imagine the great amazement on all parts. The Professor declared the parties to be frauds, or that a man abduction had taken place. He called upon the government to have the matter investigated, and the family physician, Abraham, neighbors and others were officially examined, the examinations lasting a few weeks. But to be brief, nothing came of the investigation; the matter remained as deep a mystery as ever, and the physicians contented themselves with declaring it to be a psychological puzzle—a revelation of the human soul which could not be explained. Abraham told the Professor that although his name was Abraham, it was not Abraham Chorkoy, but Abraham Durham, and that he had no other desire than to return to his family in British Columbia. One morning when his wife arose she found his place empty—he was gone, had disappeared. The marvelous mystery soon reached the ears of the Russian emperor, who forthwith ordered diligent search to be made after the lost one, but all of no avail; the man could not be found, and at last it was generally believed that he had been insane, and in his insanity sought his death in the river Neva.

In the spring of the year 1873, Professor Orlow, of St. Petersburg, visited Philadelphia at the request of his government to arrange the preliminaries of the Russian department at the Centennial Exhibition. One day, reading a newspaper, the following arrested his attention:

In New Westminister an occurrence recently took place which caused a great sensation throughout the whole territory of British Columbia. On the 22d day of September, 1875, a fur dealer of said city was in a dying condition, suffering from typhoid fever, an no one, not even his physician, seemed to entertain any hope as to the possibility of his recovery. But wonderful to relate, the patient, who was and intelligent Englishman, had forgotten his mother tongue and speaks a language which is understood by no one around him, but which at last is recognized by an inhabitant of the city to be a jargon of bad Jewish German. The patient, before his sickness, a short stout fellow and a blond, is now thin and lean like a stick, refuses to recognize his wife and child, but insists that he has a wife and several children somewhere else. The man is supposed to be insane. All at once a European traveler arrives, marked with a genuine Hebrew face, and claims to be the husband of the fur dealer. He speaks to the woman in the same language her husband was wont to speak to her, he gives her and even his parents who lives in the city, but who, of course, do not recognize him as their son, the most detailed and minutest description of bygone events, and insists upon being the woman's husband and the parent's son. The poor woman is almost in peril for her reason, from the effects of the trying ordeal. She incessantly asks, "Who is this fellow? how does he come to claim to be my husband?" When she hears him speak and does not look at his figure, she is ready to think that he is her husband, but as soon as she looks at him, the spell is broken, for, surely, this stranger with the Jewish face cannot be her husband whom she had just nursed in his sickness. But the man continues to press his claim, and tells her the most delicate and secret facts, evidently known only to the husband and wife.

Professor Orlow recollected now all about the occurrence last fall, and to solve this 'physchological phenomenon,' he decided upon going to New Westminister. To his great surprise he really found there the same black Abraham whom half a year ago he had seen in St. Petersburg. He asked the blonde fur dealer in the Russian language whence he came, and he answered, from Orenburg; and when asked for the name of his wife, he gave the name of a Jewish woman who had called upon him with her husband now before him, in St. Petersburg. When asked what his name was, he answered, "They call me here Abraham Durham, but my right name is Abraham Chorkoy."

Professor Orlow was struck with a strange idea. He reasoned this way: A man abduction could not have taken place, the bodies have not been changed; one is short, stout and blonde, the other thin, long and dark, and then New Westminister is 2,000 German miles away from Orenburg. Metempsychosis must have taken place.

It must be remembered that on the 22d day of September, at the midnight hour, both were lying between life and death; the soul of each other must have flown into the body of the other, and thus a complete metempsychosis has taken place; that at the midnight hour of the 22d of September, begins the shortening of the days; that the inhabitants of the two cities are antisciane, that is, if a spike were driven through the centre of the globe, entering at Orenburg, it would come out at New Westminister, and that when at Orenburg the hour is twelve o'clock at midnight, the time in New Westminister is just twelve o'clock at noon.

Prominent men of science are now occupied with this most marvelous occurrence. Professor Orlow has taken the blonde fur dealer with him to St. Petersburg, whether the woman Chorkoy, of Orenburg, will also be brought, and further developments are now expected.

If it should turn out that there is no fraud or deception in the case, then the theory of transmigration of souls would have strong proof, and this theory will extend not only as to the metempsychosis from dead beings into living, but also as to between living persons.

"And God said, 'Let there be Light.'"

This has been the language of the Infinite Father of the universe throughout all the boundless ages of the past, in the realms of the physical, the mental and the spiritual, unto every child of our loving parent; from the lowest human beings up to the highest archangel this command is continually given. As I was pondering upon this beautiful command my vision was opened to see humanity in many of its conditions. I could see men and women in their various societies and associations, social, business, political or religious, and the lesson was profoundly interesting and instructive. I soon recognized the truth of the declaration of Tallyrand, "That human language was mainly used to conceal the real thoughts and sentiments of the individual." I searched far before I could find an individual whose language was an exact expression of their interior thoughts and conditions; even where there was a desire that this should be so, the conditions were such, and the language was so imperfect as to make it almost impossible. That which approached nearest to this was mostly misunderstood. Such was the general darkness among mankind that the purest and best motives were frequently misunderstood and misrepresented. In looking closely at individuals I could see that each faculty, and every part of the system had something to do with the amount and character of the light which was given forth.

There was a mist or smoke mingled with the light of almost every one, frequently so much that I could only see them as a column of smoke or mist, often so dense that it concealed the person from my view. Sometimes when I approached an individual in the most kind and gentle manner I could blow away the smoke or mist from one side so as to see their light to some extent, but in many instances when I approached an individual they would throw out more dense smoke and become entirely invisible. I saw that socially there was a great deal of falsehood. Men were deceiving themselves and those with whom they associated, by professing one thing and acting another—so that almost all were involved in clouds and darkness. In the business relations there was so much selfishness and fraud that I could see but little light to attract me there. Politically, fraud and corruption enveloped almost all, and even those who were honest when they entered into this, and who would say, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing," soon became involved in the darkness and crime that prevailed. In the different religious organizations I saw but very little light—there was so much hypocrasy and deception. As I looked into the churches there were so many false conditions and professions that all seemed dark and unlovely; instead of giving light to each other and to the world, in too many instances they were adding darkness to darkness and clouds to clouds. I could see more light outside the churches than in them; men and women making little or no profession of religion, but living more in accordance with the laws of their being, they gave out clearer and more beautiful lights.

My attention was now drawn to individuals, for I saw that the light and progress of the world depended upon their faithfulness, even where they associated together in the different relations in society. I could see that every thought, word or action was a factor of light or darkness, not only to the individual in his or her interiors, but to humanity around them.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

A NOBLE WOMAN.—During the drizzling rain yesterday a Woodward avenue car jumped the track and almost struck the curbstone. The driver said he'd have back on the track in about a minute, but the only lady on the car at once stepped off into the rain.

"You'll get wet—you'd better stay in inside," called the driver.

"Never mind the rain," she pleasantly replied. "The car is off the track, and I don't wish to remain where my presence would act as a check on any emphatic remarks which those half dozen gentlemen desire to make."

ONE of Mr. A. T. Stewart's last business acts was the personal supervision of an advertisement for the newspapers. He never "found that he was doing as much business as he cared to do." He believed in newspaper advertising, and readers by the thousand, and strangely enough, never reached the point of imagining himself and his great establishment so well known that advertising was unnecessary.

A reformed drunkard's epitaph—He never 'smiled' again.

Insurance.

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SOMETIMES OCCUR, UPON THE RAILROAD, AND WHERE CROWDS OF PEOPLE ARE COLLECTED TOGETHER.

Before going to the Centennial it would be prudent to provide yourself with an ACCIDENT POLICY in the only purely

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McCLELLAN & SPEER,

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Sash,

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Sidings;

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are the most complete of any in the State, and they will make a specialty of furnishing repairs for Threshing Machines, Reapers, Engines, &c., and having in operation the most approved Forging Hammers, Bolt Headers, Cutters and Net Taps, they can supply

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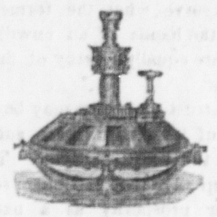

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8-13.1y

Railways.

CALIFORNIA.

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Railway embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and with its numerous branches and connections forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison und St. Paul

line is the short line for Northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the great North-west. Its

Winona and St. Peter Line

is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

Green Bay and Marquette

line is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

Freeport and Dubuque Line

is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport and all points via Freeport. Its

Chicago and Milwaukee Line

is the old Lake Shore route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha, to Milwaukee.

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are run on all through trains of this road.

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On the arrival of the trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago and North-western Railway LEAVE CHICAGO as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California! Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

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For Green Bay and Lake Superior, Two Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

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For Dubuque, via Freeport, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night trains.

For Dubuque and La Crosse, via Clinton, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train to McGregor, Iowa.

For Sioux City and Yankton, Two Trains daily. Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junction.

For Lake Geneva, Four Trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

New York office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston office, No. 6 State street; Omaha office, 252 Farnham street; San Francisco office, 121 Montgomery street; Chicago ticket offices: 62 Clark street, under Sherman House; corner Canal and Madison streets; Kinzie street Depot, corner W. Kinzie and Canal streets; Wells street depot, corner Wells and Kinzie streets.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

MARVIN HUGHITT, Gen. Sup't, Chicago.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago. v6n4-1y

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION,

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1876, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE EXPRESS leaves New York			9 25 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	12. 55 p. m
"	"	Baltimore	1. 20 p. m
"	"	Harrisb'g	5.00 p. m
"	"	arr. at Williamsp't	8.35 p.m
"	"	Lock Haven	10.30 p. m
"	"	Erie	10.05 a. m
ERIE MAIL leaves New York			8.25 p. m
"	"	Philadelphia	11.55 p. m
"	"	Baltimore	2.10 p. m
"	"	Harrisburg	4.25 a. m
"	"	Williamsport	8.38 a. m
"	"	Lock Haven	9.40 a. m
"	"	Renovo	10.55 a. m
"	"	arr. at Erie	7.50 p.m
NIAGARA EX. leaves Philada			7.20 a. m
"	"	Baltimore	7.30 a. m
"	"	Harrisb'g	10.45 a. m
"	"	arr. at Williamsp't	1.20 p. m
"	"	Lock Haven	3.15 p. m
"	"	Renovo	4.15 p. m
"	"	Kane	8.45 p.m
"	"	Buffolo	
LOCK HAVEN ACCOM. leaves Phila			8.00 a. m
"	"	Baltimore	8.20 a. m
"	"	Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
"	"	arr. at Williamsport	6.10 p.m
"	"	Lock Haven	7.30 p.m
SUNDAY EX. leaves New York			8.25 p.m
"	"	Philadelphia	11.55 p.m
"	"	Baltimore	2.10 p.m
"	"	Harrisburg	4.10 a.m
"	"	arr. at Williamsport	7.40 a.m

EASTWARD.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Erie			7.00 p.m
"	"	Lock Haven	6.30 a.m
"	"	Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
"	"	arr. at Harrisb'g	11.40 a.m
"	"	Baltimore	6.25 p.m
"	"	Philadelphia	2.30 p.m
"	"	New York	7.45 p.m
DAY EXPRESS leaves Kane			6.00 a.m
"	"	Renovo	10.10 a. m
"	"	Lock Haven	11.20 a.m
"	"	Williamsport	12.40 p m
"	"	arr at Harrisburg	4.10 p.m
"	"	Philadelphia	7.20 p.m
"	"	New York	10.15 p. m
"	"	Baltimore	6.35 p.m
"	"	Washington	9.05 p.m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie			11.20 a.m
"	"	Renovo	8.35 p.m
"	"	Lock Haven	10.05 p.m
"	"	Williamsp't	11.15 p.m
"	arr. at Harrisburg		2.45 a. m
"	"	Baltimore	7.35 a.m
"	"	Phila	7.00 a. m
"	"	New York	10.10 a. m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport			12.35 a.m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3.55 a.m
"	"	Baltimore	7.35 a.m
"	"	Philadelphia	7.35 a.m
"	"	New York	10.25 a.m
SUNDAY EX. leeves Williamsport			5.15 a.m
"	arr. at Harrisburgh		11.40 a.m
"	"	Philadelphia	3.30 p.m
"	"	New York	6.45 p.m
"	"	Baltimore	7.35 p.m

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accom. west and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor Cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express west, Erie Express West, Philadelphia Express East, Day Express East and Sunday Express East. Sleeping Cars on all nightrains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Sup't.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 90, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Coun No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesda evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade

Bellefont Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72 I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 24., R. A. M. meets on Thursday night preceeding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——The spire of the new M. E Church is rapidly approaching completion.

——"Newspaper guano" would be an appropriate name for some of the "Watchman's" richest articles.

——The citizen's band, of Centre Hall, participated in the decoration ceremonies at Boalsburg last week.

——They say the attendance at the Centennial has reached a point which renders it a success financially.

——The Centre Hall "Reporter" says that Samuel Flory and Levi Murray are each building a new house in that town.

——The editor of the Clearfield *Republican* thinks an editor has no business to have twenty dollars' worth of clothes.

——The Council beheaded one or two of our policemen on Monday evening. We might dispense with them all, for that matter.

——The Reliance Novelty Works are talking of putting on a night set of workmen, an evidence that they are doing a flourishing business.

——We wonder what has become of the base ballists? The boys of our town have not yet formed a club, and that is the cause of our wonder.

——The Centre County Sabbath School Convention is in session at Centre Hall. It is said that the proceedings are very interesting and instructive.

——It is said, and we guess with some truth, that one cause of the hard times is too many people holding chairs down—too many people too proud to work.

——A man is pushing a wheelbarrow from Missouri to Philadelphia. He says he will go through like a dose of castor oil. The fools are not all dead yet.

——Mr Cornelius Stover and H. G. Consor, of Centre Hall, are manufacturing brick at Zerbe's brick yard in that place, which, the *Reporter* says, are hard to beat.

——Gurne Freeman, of Philipsburg, captured a young deer and made a pen for it, and the *Journal* says, "many of our citizens visited his place last Sunday to see it." Naughty Philipsburgers

——H. C. Deru, one of the proprietors of the Altoona "Tribune," had his house entered, a short time ago, and twenty dollars stolen therefrom. To lose that amount would brake up any other editor in the State.

——A man at Centre Hall by the name of Arnold has a pipe two hundred and two years old, with the year of its manufacture inscribed upon it. It has been in the family up to this time. What a dirty old thing it must be by this time.

——Many of our readers will doubtless secure the large and lively monthly paper—the *American Favorite*. Subscription price only seventy-five cents a year, postage included. If you want a sample copy before subscribing send 10 cents to "American Favorite," Bridgeton, New Jersey.

——Beneficient results would follow any efforts on the part of the borough authorities to suppress that nuisance on the corner of Linn and Ridge streets, which is now showing a green and yellow melancholy on the surface, that the heat of the summer is causing to smell to heaven.

——A week ago last Friday a Rev. Bergen was robbed in the narrows beyond Woodward. He was stopped by two men who demanded his money and watch, which, as the request was made more forcible by the presentation of a revolver at his head, he complied with. The robbers got ten dollars and the watch. It is not known who the highwaymen are.

——We learn from the *Journal* that last week some malicious persons committed depredations on the premises of Mr. Joseph Bierly, who is a tenant on a farm about three miles east of Rebersburg, owned by Henry Moyer. A good buggy was almost ruined by having the covering of the seat and top slit into shreds, dash-board and wheels broken, fences torn up and thrown into the creek, and other acts of vandalism committed. Such outlaws should receive speedy and merited punishment.

Memorial Day.—The beautiful ceremony inaugurated soon after the close of the late war, of decorating the graves of the soldiers with flowers, was observed in all the Northern States on Tuesday, May 30. Posts of the Grand Army, which are composed entirely of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, have had the immediate charge of the ceremonies, but citizens generally have been ready and willing to give their assistance. The ceremony was first instituted by the order of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it is proper that they should conduct the services while they remain with us. There is a constant transfer going on from those who pay these honors to those for whom they are to be paid, and the soldier who decorates the grave of a fallen comrade this year may receive the same honors from a surviving comrade next.

The number of survivors yearly grows less. The hardships and dangers of the late war left their impress upon most of those who engaged in it, and shortened the days of not a few of those who lived to witness its close. They are, one by one, dropping away, and ere long, of the mighty army that responded to the nation's call, the majority will have gone to their rest.

The ceremonies seem more impressive than usual in this Centennial year, because they remind us of the first martyrs in the cause of our country's freedom. The soldiers who fought at Concord and Bunker Hill, and in all the fifty-four battles of the Revolution, were only the elder brethren of those who took part on the Union side in the war of the Rebellion. The latter fought to preserve what the former wrested from the hands of an unwilling king; both are equally worthy of the name of patriot.

We trust that there may be no abatement of interest in these annual services in the years to come. They serve to keep alive that patriotism so essential to our prosperity as a nation. We should seize upon every occasion to impress upon the minds of the coming generation—those who have no personal recollections of the war—the sacrifices which the soldiers made in their behalf.

Last week we went to press while the ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was going on, and therefore, we were not able to give our readers a full authentic account of what transpired. We might add that the display was as good as at any former time since it has been inaugurated. Great credit is due to Mr. William Jones, who had a careful eye to the proceedings before and on the day the ceremony was performed. Weeks before the decoration he had begun to see that everything was ready, so that appropriate respect should be shown to the dead heroes who lie buried within our borough limits. Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. Wilson was the officer of the day, and discharged his duties with his usual promptness, making no mistakes, so that everything that he had charge of was conducted with skill and precision. We append below the names of the persons who donated flowers for the occasion. They have the heartfelt thanks of all the friends of the soldiers:

Mrs. Lide Holliday, wreath and cross; Miss Lou Vantries, Miss Abbie Rankin, wreaths; Miss Maggie Pruner, Miss Salhe Hoffer, Mrs. Mary Mallory, Master Bertie Mallory, bouquets; Masters Sammie and Harry Irwin, Miss Bessie Reese, wreaths; Master Hardie Harris, Mrs. Straub, Miss Blanche Straub, Miss Jennie Slack, Miss Mamie Morris, Miss Josie Cheesman, Miss Kate Cheesman, Miss Maggie Shope, Miss Emma Shope, bouquets; Mrs. Isaac Haupt, four bouquet roses; Misses Minnie and Bessie Webb, bouquets; Miss Mary Galbraith, wreath; Miss Jennie Pontius, two bouquets; Master Allie Hillibish, Master Jimmie Hillibish, Masters James Cheesman, Edward Lesden, Jimmie Harris, bouquets; Miss Mary Bradley, cross; Miss Mamie Butts, bouquet; Miss Sadie Malin, two, Mrs. F. Boal and Mrs. J. Mann, bouquets; Miss Nannie Reese, wreath; Miss Chestie Campbell, Misses Carrie and Susie Bayard, bouquets; Miss Nora McClain, beautiful white wreath; Miss Liddie Harris, Miss Dame Shrom, Miss Josie Shrom, Miss Kittie Leydon, bouquets; Miss Lydia Baney, wreath; Master Andrew Parsons, bouquet; Mrs. Mary McGee, Mrs. Joseph Grassmire, two, Miss Gregg, for Richard Dinsmore's grave, bouquets; Mrs. Kline, Miss Nellie Kline, wreaths; Master Elijah Shope, bouquet; Miss Lena Akers, bouquet; Miss Carrie Mills, a beautiful wreath; Misses Mary and Katie Morgan, Miss Carrie Weaver, Master Eddie Miller, bouquets; Miss Lide L. ib, Misses Joe and Bella Weaver, wreaths; Maggie Hutchinson, Miss Bella Rhone, Miss Minnie Crosthwait, bouquets; Miss Jennie Gehret, wreath; Miss Dove Munson, cross and wreath; Master Willie Brew, Misses Maggie and Mollie Downing, Miss Mary Yerger, bouquets; Mrs. N. K. Dare, cross and bouquet; Miss Ellie McClain, two bouquets; Miss Esther Graham, wreath; Mrs. Brachbill, wreath; Miss Lydie O. Price, cross; Miss Gates, bouquet; Miss Sallie McGinley, wreath; Master Jimmie Hughes, bouquet; Mrs. D. Kennedy, Mrs. Armar, wreaths and bouquets.

We also append the names of the heroes who are buried within the several cemeteries of our town, the first two named being soldiers of the Revolution:

UNION CEMETERY.

Sabastian Wiltmer, 1812,	George Dare,
Wm. Armor, 1812,	Harvey Lingle,
Robert Gordon,	John A. Bayard,
James B. Cook,	Richard Dinsmore,
C. M. Kephart,	Charles H. Hale,
Israel Musser,	Evan Buchanan,
McKean Buchanan,	Henry McAllister,
Stanley Keys,	Irvin B. Keys,
Hardman Petriken,	Dan'l Pruner,
Jacob Zimmerman,	Henry J. Colpetzer,
Abram Graffus,	Sam'l Butler,
James Hinton,	Samuel McKinney,
Joseph G. Stone,	Samuel L. Barr,
Chas. R. Bullock,	John A. Light,
O. N. Moore,	Chas. Burnside,
James M. Ward,	Solomon Norman.
Joseph Fulton,	John L. Given,
Edward Mills,	Wm. Lambert,
Lewis Mills,	Wilson Williams,
	Austin Alexander.

OLD CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

Edward Bland,	Andrew Hazel,
John H. Kline,	Timothy Sexton,
Dan'l Crannon,	James Ford.

NEW CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

Jeremiah O'Leary,	Joseph Hawkins,
Peter Devine,	Thomas Martin.

FRIENDS' CEMETERY.

Jacob Miller,	A. C. Stine,
Wm. Eccard,	Sam'l McKinney.

At Millheim there is but one grave of a soldier to be decorated, so the Millheim people joined with the citizens of Aaronsburg. In the morning they proceeded to Aaronsburg headed by their brass band and the Millheim and Spring Mills Councils O. U. A. M. in full regalia; they marched to the Reformed grave yard, where, after the ceremony, Rev J. G. Shoemaker made a touching address, paying a beautiful tribute to the patriot dead who sleep in their midst. They then proceeded to the Lutheran cemetery where the same ceremony was performed, and James P. Coburn, Esq., made some remarks. They then returned to Millheim, where the procession formed in the centre of the town. It consisted of the band, Orders of United American Mechanics, Sunday-schools, and a large concourse of citizens. The procession marched to the cemetery and decorated the one grave there very profusely, after which they returned to the Town Hall, where an address was delivered by Rev. John Tomlinson, and brief remarks made by James P. Coburn, Esq., and B. O. Deininger, editor of the *Journal*.

We have not heard from all parts of the county, but doubt not that the soldiers and their friends everywhere made an appropriate floral display.

Served Him Right.—General Custer held a nice easy place—brevet general in command—in the army. He had it all his own way, so far as the military department he was in was concerned. Like many another soldier who has mixed in and fallen, he had to take a hand in politics; and in order to carry out his designs as a statesman he went to Washington and put in an appearance before an investigating committee and allowed himself to be interviewed by newspaper correspondents. Result: Custer has been ordered back to the plains, curtailed of his exalted military proportions, and he must now earn his bread and butter in the service of Uncle Sam as a simple lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment. Moral—When you've got a good thing, keep it. So with a little change and transposition of words, we would say to the patrons of Sechler & Co., when you have a good place to trade, stick to it, and tell your neighbor that he may enjoy the advantage of buying the best of goods cheap for cash, or a short credit of thirty days. You can now buy goods of Sechler & Co. at prices in accordance with the times; that is to say, at the smallest possible margin above the original cost. They recognize the fact that the times are hard, and have put down their prices to meet the demands of the times, recognizing the fact which many Bellefonte merchants ignore, that quick sales and small profits is the true and royal road to prosperity and wealth. Now is the time for the people of this county to give substantial support to business men who make a move in the only direction which can bring the undivided trade of the county to this town. There are a plenty of men here selling second-class goods for a second-class price; but what the people want is first-class goods at the lowest possible price at which they can be sold, for the best goods are always the cheapest in the end. This sublime pinnacle of business success has been reached by this enterprising firm. They buy their goods cheap, as men can always do who go with the greenbacks in their hands; therefore, they can, for cash, sell them cheaper than those who buy either on long or short time. We advise all our readers to give them a call, and judge of the truth of what we have said for themselves. Remember the place: Bush House Block, opposite this office.

——We copy the following from the *Industrial World*, of last week: "On Saturday, the 27th ult., T. A. Way and Wesley Ayers, of Half Moon township, met with a serious accident from which they Providentially escaped the fatality of instant death. They were both working at repairs on their farms, and being near the woods they observed a tree standing a short distance away in which there was a fire on the opposite side, near the ground. In a short time, the tree unexpectedly fell toward them, not giving them sufficient time to see which way it was falling. Mr. Ayers ran directly from the tree, and was struck by the top branches. Mr. Way, who was nearest to where it stood, was running in an oblique direction, when he was struck on one of his shoulders by a main branch protruding from the tree. He was pretty severely, though it is hoped, not seriously injured. Mr. Ayers was scored by a limb, from the forehead backward, over the top of his head and down the back. Both gentlemen were pretty badly used up, but will recover with proper care, and will probably be a little more vigilant the next time they work beside a burning tree."

——Mr. Lucas, of the Bellefonte market, is doing everything he can to make the market one of the institutions of the town. It is now the best place to buy everything in the line of early vegetables and country produce of every description. They have one of the best ice-chests in town in which to keep butter, which article they have always on hand, and the best that can be found.

——Some persons predict a panic after the Centennial. If they can make a biger panic than we have on hand now we should like to see them do it.

——Wim-tee-go-shee, the great Indian philosopher, says with truth, "A one dollar note, kept on the jump, is worth millions hid away in old stockings."

——Will wonders ever cease. They say they hatch chickens now by steam. That would be the next thing to having babies by steam; but then we believe the old way is the best.

——The State College stage is popular among the ladies living on the route from the fact that parcels are delivered and taken by the driver, accompanied by a very gallant bow.

——A week ago last Monday a son of John Spicker, of Earleystown, was driving a double-team when some boards in the wagon slipped forward upon the horses, frightening them. They started on a run, and the lad was thrown out, the wheels passing over his body, breaking the collar-bone and otherwise injuring him. It is thought that he will not recover.

——We desire to call attention to the card of J. R. Bartruff, to be found in another column. Mr. Bartruff can repair or make a carriage, buggy or wagon that will please the eye, and wear as well as did the famous old "one horse shay," which lasted a hundred years to a day; and, what is more, he will not make your pocket-book look as though an elephant had stepped on it. If you want a carriage made, or any repairing done, give him a call.

——"If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius," says the eminent Indian philosopher, Wim-te-go-shee, "we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities; obstacles cannot intimidate, labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them." So it is with the enterprising firm of Sechler & Co. By their genius in advertising, and their untiring energy they have solved the problem of selling the best goods the market affords, at the lowest possible prices. They have secured the largest trade in this town by advertising, shrewdness, business tact and energy.

——Having noticed, among our exchanges, that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had offered to transport the veterans of the Mexican war to the Centennial show free of charge, we published a similar statement in our last week's issue. We have since learned that the statement is not true, and that the Pennsylvania Company have made no such an offer. Our readers will, no doubt, excuse us for this misstatement, and credit it to our eagerness to furnish them with every item of news that may be of interest to them. As there are a great many veterans in this county, that statement, if it had been a fact, would have been of great interest to them. We can only say for their sake, "we are sorry it is not true."

——Logan Fire Company, No. 1, propose to dedicate their new hose house on Friday, June 30th. The committee of arrangements are making every effort to render the occasion a success, both socially and financially, and we hope the citizens of Bellefonte will contribute liberally in the way of provisions. The fire companies of Huntingdon, Altoona, Hollidaysburg, and Lock Haven have been invited and will no doubt attend. The programme will be a grand parade of the visiting companies and military in the morning, with dedication services at the hose house, a big dinner and a pic-nic in the beautiful grove of the Messrs. Valentines near their works, and known as the "Second Woods," a first-class location. A splendid dancing floor will be erected, and with the best of music, the lovers of Terpsichore can trip the "light fantastic toe" to their hearts' content. Refreshments of all kinds will be served, and an enjoyable time is anticipated by all.

——On last Friday morning two tramps, dressed in female attire, entered the house of John Weaver, at the Summit, between Hannah and Bald Eagle stations, on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad. They attempted to commit an outrage on a female in charge of the house, and took several things belonging to the house with them. Every body should scrutinize tramps as they pass along, for the most of them are on the lookout to steal, take the advantage of females, etc.; who sometimes commit murder or injure their victims for life, to enable them to accomplish their hellish deeds. They seem to be becoming more bold every day, and we would not be surprised if Judge Lynch should come to the rescue before they are successfully stopped. These fellows who go around as umbrella fixers need watching as much as any of the tramps, for they are as dirty and filthy as the most of them. It is becoming absolutely necessary that females should not be exposed to the villianous intentions of these fellows, as they seem to be growing more numerous in our midst every day, and we call upon the authorities to be vigilent, lest some innocent soul shall be victimized in our midst.

Who Wouldn't be a Notary?—Last Saturday we saw one of the notaries of this town traveling around serving notices of protest on some of the business men who were unfortunate enough not to have a balance sufficient to meet their paper. He looked very happy, and was making an ostentatious display of about a dozen envelopes, which, of course, each held a notice of protest, which was worth to him in cash just $2.06. Twenty-four dollars and seventy-two cents is very good pay for about two hours' work. We learned afterward that some of the paper protested was not in face value equal to the amount of the cost of protest. Now, the paper would not have been protested if the parties giving it had not, although not rich, at least been good enough to make all the costs they might put upon the paper assured, although a notary does not have to work more than fifteen minutes to earn his $2.06. Yet he does not propose to work that fifteen minutes for nothing. Neither does the bank care to pay for protests unless they know where the money is coming from. This notary law is obnoxious enough to the people already, and for the banks to protest paper just for the purpose of giving some poor devil of a notary a living, is not calculated to add anything to its popularity. If these officers are objects of charity the people would prefer to dispense charity to them in a different way. An effort was made at the last session of the Legislature to have the fees of notaries reduced to a reasonable figure. Through the indifference of our Representatives, Shugert and Alexander, the bill did not pass the House. The people, however, will make it an issue in the coming election. This is not a party question, but it is a matter that interests business men, and it is not confined either to men who are in straightened circumstances, but is of importance to every business man in the community. Hardly a year ago we heard a notary tell of a business man in this town—and one of the most active and go ahead men we have—who paid four hundred dollars in a very short time for protests. This is an outrage, and affects all classes of men who, by their energy and industry, give employment to our mechanics and add to the prosperity of our town and county. In the case above mentioned it is no thanks to the men who thus handled his paper that he is not ruined. He has triumphed over all obstacles, but many a good, honest man is driven to his financial ruin by the questionable way in which they are dealt with by the very men whom they are making, by the discount they pay, richer every year.

Personal.—A. C. Loneberger, of Bellefonte, paid us a stamp or two a few days ago. Mr. Loneberger is a painter, and a good workman, and works at the most reasonable rates. A specimen of his work can be seen on the *Watchman* office, and as good a job as anybody can do, and done at a price that Mr. Meek could not find fault with—because he could not get any body else to do it so reasonable and so well. Mr. Loneberger is also a temperance man, therefore, can always be relied on. We advise all desiring that kind of work done to give him a call.

—John Decker, of Hublersburg, called on us last week and paid for his paper. It was a man by the name of Decker who paid us the first two dollars we ever received in this town; but his name was Adam, not John. But if John was not the first man to call upon us when we came to this town strangers, he has at least been one of our most prompt paying patrons,—never allowing his subscription to run behind. We hope he may always have success in all he undertakes.

—Peter Wilson, of Spring Mills, was another visitor last week. He helped us along to the extent of two dollars. Mr. Wilson is one of the old veterans. He was acquainted with Major Armor more than fifty years ago. We think he gave us his age as eighty-two. He is smart yet, and good for twenty years at least. He has been a patron of our paper since it first started. He is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, and we enjoyed his visit very much.

—Cyrus W. Hunter, of Half Moon, is a new subscriber, and gave in his address to the Republican for the first time last week. We hope he may never regret the relationship thus formed. Mr. Hunter is one of the young and active Republicans of Half Moon valley, ever ready to work in the good cause with all his heart and soul. He makes things lively up there when election comes, and will no doubt give a good account of himself this fall.

—John G. Love and wife left last Monday to spend two weeks viewing the great Centennial show.

—Mr. William F. Porter and wife, from Florida, are spending a month at the Bush House. Mr. Porter visited this place last fall and was much pleased with our town.

——The conference meeting of the committees of the various lodges and societies of this town and county will be held to-night at the Club room (old Masonic Hall) to perfect arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration. A full attendance is desired.

——The warm weather we have been having for the past few days has helped the crops along wonderfully.

——A great many of our Bellefonte people are absent on a visit to the Centennial. Some parties have been gone for ten days, and have not yet returned. There is a great amount to be seen to any person who wants to give even a passing glance at all the beautiful things displayed. They say that to walk all over the place and see everything in the big show, would necessitate a walk of five hundred miles. Whew! won't that put some of our doughty townsmen to their trumps. When they get back there will be no life in them for the balance of the year. Well, it is all in a life-time, and in all probability they will never have occasion to walk so far as long as they live.

——Last Sunday evening a little child of Mr. Nelson Lucas, one of the proprietors of the Bellefonte market, narrowly escaped death by being gored by a cow. The child, who is about five years old, was coming down towards the road to meet his father when the cow was going to the barn. The cow met the child and caught him upon its horns, throwing him a distance of five or six feet. It then started for the child again, and would undoubtedly have gored him to death had not Mr. Lucas been near at hand. He reached the spot just in season to save the child from further injury. The little fellow, although feeling a little sore, is not seriously injured.

——It is more than likely that this Centennial year will bring a lot of strangers to this section loaded down with aesthetic inclinings, and per consequence dead in love with cleanliness. We will picture this class after they have done their practical sight-seeing, wending their way to the east end of Linn street, for the purpose of holding communion with God through the means of the harmonious language of nature, and all that sort of thing, you know. One of the young ladies sees a beautiful wild flower by the way-side; with a bound of delight she makes for it, jumping down about five feet from the present high grade of Linn street into the field which encircles Ridge street. No quicker down than she scrambles back again, shuddering from an overdose of disgust, for the place is a sinkhole of slime and stagnant water. She don't care any more for our wayside flowers. If lovers of the picturesque and beautiful desire to get up a first-class rage, let them explore the delicious nook above indicated. This defacement of nature is gross, indecent and offends all the senses of those who are not enraptured by a hog-pen and elevated by the heavy-laden atmosphere that envelops the same.

DIED.

In Howard, Pa., April 26, 1876, William Dehass, aged 20 years, 5 months and 29 days.

A Memorial.

Mr. Dehass was just appearing upon the stage of life, at the age of almost 21 years. He had all the qualities of a gentleman, and no one ever heard him, swear or use any profane language. He always bore a good name during the long period of our acquaintance, nearly 17 years. His friends and the community at large are greatly bereaved by the loss of such an esteemed young friend. Wherever we go we miss him. In the family and social circles he has left a vacant chair, and his absence is felt in all the vicissitudes of life. We mourn his absence, but we are confident, dear reader, that he has gone to rest. We feel confident that he has gone to join that innumerable throng of which John the Revelator speaks in the Revelations. He speaks of those who have "gone through great tribulations, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," and are now at the right hand of our Heavenly Father.

This young man

Was loved by all,
Both great and small:
And is now gone above
To that land of love.

He was regarded as one of the most cultured and industrious of the young men in our community. I visited him in his afflictions several times. His sufferings were intense. He seemed conscious that he would never recover, for he said when he came home that he had come for the last time. He was resigned and willing to die. He said: "I leave dear friends behind, but the Lord's will be done." I would say to the friends in their bereavement, although you have lost a near and dear friend, one that you loved and cherished; although you feel that you can hardly give him up, yet you know the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Put your trust in God and cast all your care on Jesus, and He will carry you through all the trials and difficulties of this vain world. I hope when we all come down to die—to leave this unfriendly world—we may all meet around our Heavenly Father's throne, where we shall sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb.

These few lines, with a few in poetry, I dedicate to the friends of this young man.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves untold;
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipped by the wind's untimely blast
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in an hour,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet there, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive, with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flowers,
If firm the word God remains.

John T. Butler.